

MINISTERS IN COUNCIL.

TWO meetings of the Cabinet have been held this week. The second only took place yesterday, and, even if public announcement were at once to be made of the result of the deliberations of Ministers, the announcement would be too late for notice in these pages. There is, however, no doubt as to the subject which led to the assembling of the Cabinet at an unexpected and somewhat inconvenient period. The condition of things in Uganda has become increasingly serious of late, and the friends of the British East Africa Company have shown a proportionate anxiety to transfer their responsibilities from their own shoulders to those of the nation. Now it is to be observed, in the first place, that this business is not one for which her Majesty's present Ministers can be held either directly or indirectly responsible. It was not they who completed arrangements by which England and Germany were left with a hundred occasions of quarrel in the most worthless and unhealthy district of Equatorial Africa. It is not upon them that any responsibility for the present position of the British East Africa Company and its agents is to be laid. This the *Times* declares is a pedantic point, of no interest to anybody in particular. "What does it matter," our contemporary asks in effect, "that it was Lord Salisbury and not Lord Rosebery who laid the train which has been fired with these very unsatisfactory results; Lord Rosebery is in office now, and it is he and he alone who must act." This is all very well. We do not deny that now the Liberal Government are in office it is upon their shoulders that the burden of action rests; but we decline to forget that for the existence of the burden it is not they, but their predecessors, who are solely responsible.

What line will Ministers take? They are stoutly urged to take a course which would be nothing short of annexation. The organs of the East Africa Company, and of the Jingoes in general, cry out against any thought of withdrawal from Uganda, as though it were one of the most precious possessions of the Crown we were about to fling away, and not at all as though we should in such a case be simply retiring from a position which has never really been ours except upon paper, and which, as experience shows, can never be turned to good account by this country, except at a cost altogether disproportionate to its real value. Now, to annexation, we must say at once, we trust Ministers will never agree. We cannot have another India in Equatorial Africa. Nor, indeed, is there any reason to suppose that Uganda, under any circumstances, would be worth the cost of occupying it. This Lord Salisbury himself recognised when he practically declined to come to the assistance of the British East Africa Company some time ago. We admit, however, that something ought to be done to render the withdrawal of the agents of the Company a safe operation, and we imagine that the course adopted by the Cabinet will admit of this safe withdrawal without committing the country to an enormously costly, troublesome, and useless series of operations in a part of the world in which our interests are remote and trifling. If Ministers should refuse, as they almost certainly will do, to comply with the demands which have been made upon them, we may of course expect that they will be charged with the usual offence of "neglecting British interests," and showing a disregard for the growth of the Empire. As a matter of fact, a policy of prudence in Uganda will help rather than hurt British interests; whilst it is certainly not in Equatorial Africa that we can desire to see the further growth of our Empire.

MR. MORLEY AND THE EVICTED TENANTS.

WE imagine that few Englishmen will have fault to find with Mr. Morley's second step in the government of Ireland. Inexorable pedants may contend that breach of contract has placed the evicted tenants for ever outside the pale of the law. Flaming partisans may regret to see the Chief Secretary taking practical measures to overcome what is undoubtedly a great difficulty in the way of the peaceful government of Ireland. The *Times*, which in Irish matters has always excelled all rivals alike in pedantry and partisanship, is furious with absurd and impotent rage. But most sensible people will agree with the verdict of the *Standard*, that "there is no ground for complaint as to the nature of the reference." Mr. Morley is trying to make social peace in Ireland, and Englishmen of all parties will wish him well in the effort, as they wished well to Cardinal Manning and the Lord Mayor when they settled the dispute at the docks, or to Mr. Morley himself when some years ago he settled another labour dispute among his constituents on Tyneside.

A small Commission appointed by vice-regal warrant is to inquire and report promptly as to "the means which should be adopted for bringing about settlements and the reinstatement of evicted tenants." It is not therefore a historical commission with a roving reference ordered to inquire into the origin of all the disputes between landlord and tenant in Ireland during the last thirteen years. This seems especially to excite the ire of the *Times*, which has had experience of the facilities afforded by a wide reference for concealing the real point of an inquiry. The commissioners, says this critic in a temper, "are not ordered to investigate the nature of the local organisations, or to take cognisance of the counsel given to the evicted by members of Parliament, priests, and organisers, on the subject of rent, and the duty of combining not to pay it"—or of the famine clearances, or of the penal laws, or of the Cromwellian settlement, or of the wars with the Danes. And, at this limitation practical peacemakers will be particularly rejoiced. We are perfectly ready, in the proper time and place, to discuss any historical questions relating to land, from the episode of Naboth's vineyard downwards. But the purpose of this Commission is to show the way to settle disputes, and if it was to spend its time in "taking cognisance" of ancient history, in listening to the varying reminiscences of the parties as to how the disputes began, settlement would be further off than ever.

Nor is it to be an ethical inquiry as to who was right and who was wrong according to the moral code which will exist some day when morality is codified. Many interesting moral questions are doubtless suggested to the minds of dukes and other persons of leisure by incidents in the Irish Land War. Can breach of contract ever be defended? Are the incidents of a statutory tenancy as binding as contract on the conscience of the tenant? And, on the other hand, is a landlord morally justified in demanding in all cases the utmost that the law allows him to demand? These questions, considered in the light of Ricardo's theory of rent, are doubtless fit subjects for the disputations of the most learned casuists of all the churches, but it is no more necessary to settle them before the evicted tenants are reinstated than it is to settle the questions of free will and predestination. Most men outside the *Times* office will agree that, though breach of contract may be a sin, it is not an unpardonable sin, and that even if the landlords were right in evicting, they would not be wrong if under fair conditions they let their tenants back.

Mr. Morley has clearly shown that he is dealing

with no speculative or sentimental theories, but with a hard matter of necessity. The *Times*, with singular infelicity, talks of this as an attempt to "reopen the question of the evicted tenants." When was the question closed? It was open when Mr. Balfour accepted Clause 13 in the Land Act of 1891. That clause failed, and the sore is open still. Hard by their old farms the evicted tenants are encamped, determined to stay there till they are allowed to return. They are supported by the generosity of the other farmers of Ireland, who in the past two years have subscribed nearly £50,000 for their sustenance. The land is desolate. The public peace can only be maintained by a vast extra expenditure on police. This expense is borne by the Imperial taxpayer. Property owners who require peculiar protection are in this country usually made to pay for it. The county councils of England received during 1891 £42,215 for extra services of police. In Ireland the Imperial Government renders all these services for nothing. Yet we are told by the representatives of the Irish landlords that the Imperial Government has no right to inquire whether peaceful measures can be devised which would render this expense unnecessary. If the Irish landlords are truly represented, they will overshoot the mark. This callous and unforgiving ferocity towards the victims of what was in its essence a labour struggle will not be popular with any section of the British people. We trust that before the Commission has reported many settlements will be quietly made, which will obviate the necessity for legislative interference. But if it be found after impartial inquiry that the landlords obstinately persist in refusing fair offers from their former tenants, Parliament has the power to carry into effect the recommendations of the Commission, and Parliament will not hesitate to act.

"STORM AT THE BAILLIE GATE."

THE Englishman is not to be envied who read without emotion the story of the service in St. Paul's Cathedral last Sunday morning. True, the preacher of the day seems to have missed a unique opportunity, and to have minimised rather than heightened the effect of a celebration which touched the inmost fibres of the nation's heart. True also that, after our English fashion, the picturesque and spectacular were altogether absent from the scene. There must have been many in the Cathedral last Sunday morning who failed to realise the fact that the occasion was one of special and of national interest. Only a group of grey-headed men gathered together not far from the pulpit differentiated the scene from that of any ordinary Sunday morning service in the same place. No uniforms were visible, and hardly a single medal or decoration. The veterans who had come there to pray came as simple Englishmen, distinguished by nothing but their years and their military bearing from those around them. Yet in their hearts they bore recollections which can never fade altogether from the minds of those who are conscious of the historic grandeur and unity of our Empire. Five-and-thirty years ago that Sunday morning, these men, rifle and sword in hand, had stood within the entrenchments at Lucknow, watching the slow progress of Havelock and Outram, as with desperate courage they fought their way through the streets of the city, beleaguered by foes who outnumbered them a hundred to one, to that Baillie Gate which will live in history as the world-famed "Residency." Few are left of the "Glorious Garrison," as Outram justly designated them soon

after the relief, and of these few the majority were gathered in the House of Prayer last Sunday to return thanks for their deliverance from perils such as have beset not many of the children of men. They were there, too, to bear silent witness to the fact that heroism has not died out in our race, and that the present century has witnessed deeds not of mere valour, but of stubborn self-denying endurance unto the death, which are not to be surpassed in the annals of the world. One may almost be glad that no theatrical pomp or ceremony marked the occasion, and that nothing vulgar was allowed to obtrude itself upon the sacred scene. Yet we cannot but regret that an occasion which might well have moved a preacher to no common flight was allowed by the preacher of the day to pass almost unimproved.

It is the middle-aged among us to whom this thanksgiving service must come most nearly home. The young have the advantage over those advanced in life in almost every respect; yet those amongst us who are growing old to-day are in one respect at least more favoured than the young. They can remember the year of the great Mutiny, and can recall those months of unexampled emotion, during which we at home waited in terrible suspense whilst the fate of an Empire was being decided far away, and whilst something even dearer than the glory of our Eastern possessions was at stake—the character of English men and English women for courage, fortitude, and unselfishness in the midst of terrible perils and unequalled sufferings. The story of the siege of Lucknow has been given to the world but recently by an English lady who shared its horrors, and who was herself the wife of the heroic soldier who during the greater part of the siege commanded the garrison. But her simple narrative can convey to the reader no sense either of the extent of the sufferings and the magnificent courage of the beleaguered host, or of the intense emotion which was excited in every breast at home whilst their fate hung in suspense. There was no Eastern telegraph in those times to bring us hourly tidings from the field of battle. We had to wait for weary days, and sometimes weeks, for our successive batches of news, and when it came it was belated and insufficient. All that we knew was that nearly fifteen hundred of our brethren and sisters were shut up in the little Residency, surrounded by a host of enemies, who outnumbered them as the sands on the seashore outnumber the rocks. Terrible tales had already reached us from Bengal, tales which, happily, we know now to have been exaggerated, but the horror of which made our hearts beat more quickly and the blood rise to fever-heat in our veins. The ghastly tragedy of Cawnpore, with its treachery, its cowardice, and its unspeakable cruelty, had suddenly been made known to us, and there was not a man or a woman in these islands who did not tremble lest the fate of the sufferers at Cawnpore might be that of the beleaguered at Lucknow. Day after day the people at home waited with ever-increasing suspense—a suspense which in many cases amounted to agony; for how many of us had dear ones in that little company of Englishmen and Englishwomen then in sore peril of their lives! Amid it all one streak of light shone against the dark background. An English soldier, whose name had been unknown at home a few months before, had suddenly leapt to the height of fame and glory. Sir Henry Havelock, last of the Puritans, was the idol of us all. At the head of his little band of heroes he was forcing his way past the well of Cawnpore, where he had accomplished the work of vengeance—though, alas! not of deliverance—towards beleaguered Lucknow. Every day brought to him and his troops a battle, and every battle was

a victory, but each victory was dearly bought; and the farther he plunged into the sea of enemies by whom he was beset the more slender seemed his chances of success. Would Havelock reach the Residency in time to prevent a repetition of the horrors of Cawnpore? Or would the little garrison, worn out by disease, privation, the heat of an Indian summer sun, and the incessant attacks of an unscrupulous and overpowering foe, be overcome before salvation reached them? That was the question which five-and-thirty years ago was foremost on every tongue and which lay deepest in every heart.

How it all ended we know now; and perhaps the young, to whom the tale means little more than does the story of the Crusades, can read it without emotion. But to those of us who remember the shout of exultant joy which passed from one end of the country to the other when it became known that Havelock and Outram had reached Lucknow and found the garrison there still holding its own, there is no need to turn to Tennyson's stirring lines in order to realise the stress and the glory of that sublime moment in the history of our land:

"Hold it for fifteen days." We have held it for eighty-seven! And ever aloft, on the palace roof, the old banner of England blew."

Such was the proud boast of the little company the shattered remnant of whose survivors gathered together under the dome of the National Church last Sunday morning, and never was a more brilliant deed of arms executed, never were English hearts stouter or English hands truer than in that memorable defence. People have forgotten now that the first siege of eighty-seven days was but the prelude to another siege hardly less stubborn, and hardly less menacing; that the delivering army found itself begirt by the foe it had overcome, and shut up within the walls of the Residency to which it had sought to bring succour. Not until Sir Colin Campbell in the month of November succeeded in finally breaking the neck of the rebellion and scattering the horde of rebels was Lucknow really relieved and the heart of the nation set at rest as to the fate of the women and children who had been shut up within its walls. And then, when the great news came, and even in our Law Courts business was suspended, as it was announced from the Bench—and judges, counsel, suitors, and spectators shouted together with joy over the tidings—the universal exultation was damped and saddened by the accompanying announcement that Havelock, whom the nation was prepared to welcome to its shores as never returning warrior had been welcomed before, had died in the moment of relief and joined Henry Lawrence in his tomb. Those were great days, indeed, in the history of our land—days which those who remember them may now recall with humble gratitude, seeing that they taught us that the Englishmen of this century are not behind their forefathers in devotion to duty and in contempt of death when, at the call of duty, they have to face it. It is well that they should be borne in mind, and it would be something if we could hope that the lesson which they taught might be impressed upon the hearts of the younger generation, who have never seen the British Lion locked in a death-grapple with a relentless foe, and who can only in imagination realise either the stress of the struggle or the glory of the victory. Yet it is at times such as those commemorated last Sunday that the hearts of the people beat as that of one man, and that the feeling of brotherhood is strongest in our race. Those who remember 1857 must know how in presence of the events in Bengal the voice of mere faction was for a time hushed at home, and members of all parties joined in meeting the common foe.

MR. CLEVELAND.

THERE is a little comedy in some of our contemporaries over Mr. Cleveland's letter. They seem to be afraid that any British commendation of the Democratic candidate will do him a mischief, for they cannot have seriously expected that he would declare openly for Free Trade. So there is an affectation of lament over his supposed timidity, and even defection from the principles of commercial policy which he laid down five years ago. There is really no change whatever in Mr. Cleveland's attitude. Now, as in 1887, he denies that the Democrats are aiming at Free Trade, as we understand that term. He is in favour of what he believes to be an equitable tariff, and against the Protection run mad of Mr. McKinley, which would bolster up every factitious industry in America with prohibitive duties on foreign imports. "We wage no exterminating war against any American interests," says Mr. Cleveland. "We believe that the advantages of freer raw material would be accorded to our manufacturers, and we contemplate the fair and careful distribution of the necessary tariff rather than the precipitation of Free Trade." This is perfectly consistent from Mr. Cleveland's point of view. He distinguishes as clearly between "the necessary tariff" and absolutely free imports as he does between that tariff and fanatical Protection. It is a middle course which may eventually lead to the abandonment of prohibitive duties, but Mr. Cleveland at present holds that a modified tariff will give the necessary stimulus to American manufactures without saddling the country with the burdens of Mr. McKinley's semi-barbaric economics. It is contended that as Mr. Cleveland opposes "the granting of discriminating and unfair Governmental aid to private ventures," he must logically abandon a fiscal system of which this very aid is the head and front. But what Mr. Cleveland means will be more readily understood by his own countrymen than by some of his critics here. The real point of the passage we have just quoted refers to the gross corruption in which the McKinley Tariff was conceived. In framing the Act, the Ohio wire-puller, with an eye to votes, was careful to make his scale of duties conform to the interests of the "private ventures" which he specially wished to conciliate. This is the sort of "Governmental aid" which Mr. Cleveland particularly reprobates. The commercial character and credit of the United States were manipulated for the benefit of the Republican "ticket." A true reform of the tariff will consult the national interests, and not the advantage of "bosses," whose support must be secured for President Harrison. Whether the Democrats act upon the professions of their leader or not, the policy he lays down is the only statesman-like course before the country, and it is perfectly consistent with Mr. Cleveland's repeated demands since 1884 for the purification of the public service.

Unfortunately, the reformer proposes and the party "boss" disposes in the ordinary dispensation of American politics. When Mr. Cleveland was in office, he made no perceptible impression on the mass of corruption which surrounded him, though there were some acts of his Administration which showed that he was keenly alive to his responsibilities. It is much to his credit, moreover, that ever since he has been on bad terms with the Tammany gang in New York, the lineal descendants of "Boss" Tweed and his crew of marauders. Governor Hill, the Tammany leader, has ostensibly accepted the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, but the "sachems" of Tammany Hall are said to have demanded concessions of patronage in return for the support which alone

can capture New York State for the Democrats. Though there are new complications and combinations elsewhere, it is probable that New York is still the key of the position, and if it "goes Democratic" in November, Mr. Cleveland ought to be elected. But if this can only be assured by a bargain which will give Tammany a free clutch of the public purse, the rose will be plucked from the forehead of the Democratic victory, and corruption will set a blister there. Even in that case, however, the return of Mr. Cleveland to the White House will be a stimulus to the friends of reform. Whatever concession he may make to some of the baser elements of his party, Mr. Cleveland is the only public man in America with any solid pretensions to statesmanship. On the currency question he is perfectly sound, and he has resisted the blandishments of the "soft money" Democrats, who have all the zeal and discretion of our Fair Trade economists. Mr. Cleveland's most important addresses on the tariff question and Civil Service reform are the only really great State papers which America has produced since the death of Lincoln. The Democratic leader sees clearly enough the path in which any man who deserves the name of statesman must try to walk; and though the strength of a bad tradition may force him to swerve from it, he is, even in his failures, vastly superior to the politicians of the Harrison type. The President is merely a cog-wheel in the machinery of his party. He has a sense of public duty, but it coincides with all the necessities of the Republican régime. He appeals with perfect rectitude to every element which an American who rises above the mere strife of office-holders and office-seekers wishes to eliminate from the national politics. The reform of the Civil Service has no attraction for Mr. Harrison: the beaten track is quite good enough for him. He is convinced that the exuberant blunders of Mr. McKinley are vital to the Republican fortunes, and so he extols the tariff as a masterpiece of human wisdom. To the distant observer quite unembarrassed by any sympathy with American methods of administration, and devoutly hoping that the English and American democracies will never be internationalised on the Transatlantic model, there can be no question that Mr. Cleveland is an infinitely better man than his rival.

It is a quaint coincidence that contemporaneously with the great contest in America, in which rational ideas of political economy are coming into play, we should have a recrudescence of the Protectionist heresy at home. The *Times* has lately regaled its readers with some very long and very dull letters from obscure economists, who asserted that Free Trade was a national calamity, that Protection never raised prices, and that a duty on corn would restore the prosperity of British agriculture. The correspondence has afforded our contemporary an opportunity for a display of that wholesome sense which is usually dormant in its political commentary. That, however, is the only advantage which has accrued to the public from the revival of absurdities which show that the genius of Mr. McKinley is not indigenous to the soil of Ohio, but may be found in Crutched Friars.

THE ARROGANCE OF THE CHURCH.

WE have so far kept clear of the controversy which is raging over the Bishop of Worcester's sayings and doings at the Grindelwald Re-union Conference, and we approach it now with some diffidence and hesitation. We shrink from even the appearance of disrespect towards pious and

zealous men. Yet when we regard the manner in which during these last weeks, pious and zealous men have been arguing the question of the re-union of the Churches, we feel that a great strain is put upon us. To use the words of an eminent ecclesiastical authority, we can only hold up our hands in respectful amazement. Twenty years ago an outcry was raised against the Bishop of Winchester and the Archbishop of York for having preached in a Scotch Presbyterian church. We had thought that the world had moved since then. But the Grindelwald correspondence in the *Times*, and the comments of the Church papers thereon, come to remind us that among our spiritual counsellors there are still many who view their religion as an affair of frigid forms, which unless a man learn and observe, he shall surely perish.

It needed theological ingenuity to find cause of offence in Dr. Perowne's friendly action at Grindelwald. Recognising that between Churchmen and Nonconformists no difference exists on any question which rational men can think fundamental, he endeavoured to smooth the way to re-union. His object, as he was careful to point out, was not union but re-union. He sought, not the amalgamation of the Protestant Churches, but the bringing of them all within the fold of the Church of England. As the first step towards re-union he would accept the proposal of the minority of the bishops at the Lambeth Conference of 1888—to recognise, without episcopal ordination, existing ministers of the various denominations. In token of his desire for peace he administered the Holy Communion, according to the order of the Church of England, to the members of the Conference, to Scotch Presbyterians and English Dissenters as well as to English Churchmen; and the Nonconformists joined in the ceremony in his own spirit of charity, nothing doubting. The Bishop of Worcester and Mr. Price Hughes, both Christians, after a conference on their common Christianity, joined in a Christian ceremony to which they attached a similar meaning of sacredness. Where was the offence? It appears that there was much offence. The Vicar of Barking says that "the proceedings at Grindelwald have gravely troubled many consciences, and gravely injured some," and he calls the bishop a hypocrite. Mr. Athelstan Riley declares that countless clergy and laity of the Church look upon the Grindelwald Communion Service as a grave profanation of the Sacrament. The *Guardian* is of the same opinion: "To a vast number of Churchmen it appears a simple profanation of a sacrament." The *Church Times* refers to it as a scandal too painful to dwell upon. Thus does the unbeliever once more find cause to exclaim, "How these Christians love one another!" "Avouons qu'il y a plaisir à vivre avec ces gens-là."

There are things which one does not care to argue, and among them are the questions raised with most unchristian anger by the critics of the Bishop of Worcester. On episcopacy itself, indeed, discussion is possible. Some may think with the bishop that it is the best form of Church government, that it is of the *bene esse* though not of the *esse* of a Church. Others, turning back to Milton's contemptuous words, may regard it as "a meere childe of ceremony, or likelier some misbegotten thing, that having pluckt the gay feathers of her obsolet bravery to hide her own deformed barenesse, now vaunts and glories in her stolne plumes." Between these views there may be room for interesting, if not profitable, argument. But the episcopate which the Vicar of Barking holds to be vital, and upon which he considers the validity of his ministry to depend—"an episcopate claiming divine right on the ground of Apostolic

succession"—is for most of us outside the pale of reasonable discussion. Dr. Perowne had ample justification in denouncing it as "a most monstrous doctrine"—"something too fearful to contemplate." It is, in fact, that worst of all fictions, an after-thought. As for those who have found a profanation and a scandal in the Grindelwald Communion Service, it is difficult to speak of them with becoming moderation of language. To speak frankly, their attitude is simply repulsive. Even if they can show that by the rubric the bishop is restrained from admitting to Holy Communion such as are not confirmed, it is none the less repulsive. We had thought that it was one of the advantages, if not of the merits, of the Church, with its maze of contradictory articles, that it gave opportunity for the freest individual interpretation. If there is no such safety-valve for the pressure of the letter, then so much the worse for the Church. A Church which is compelled to regard the Bishop of Worcester's charity as law-breaking is covered with shame.

There is something more that needs to be said on this controversy. Most of the disputants, both the tolerant and the bigoted, have been members of the Church of England. They have viewed the whole question from their position as members of that Church. They all assume that within that Church, whether its bounds be stretched by toleration or narrowed by bigotry, the truth will be found; and all of them would, with theological courage, as Mr. Gladstone did on the Maynooth Question, stake the cause of Establishment on the truth of the doctrines of their Church. In the fine peroration of his defence of Dr. Williams, Sir James Stephen declared that the cause which he advocated was "the cause of learning, of freedom, and of reason—the learning of the most learned, the freedom of the freest, and the reason of the most rational Church in the world." If this audacious claim were even half true we could understand a Churchman's enthusiasm for his Church. But it was a magnificent exaggeration. When Sir James Stephen was addressing the Court of Arches, Dr. Döllinger's "The Church and the Churches" had just appeared, and therein was contained an unsparing condemnation of the Church of England. It was denied the title of a national Church; in view of the private disposition of livings (surely a greater scandal than the Grindelwald Communion) it was said that a thoroughly mercantile spirit had taken possession of it; its doctrines were declared to be a collection of heterogeneous theological propositions, tied together by the Act of Uniformity; its claim to learning was rejected; and, chief condemnation of all, it was pronounced the Church of the rich and not of the poor. We gladly recognise that of late there has been an awakening in the great towns of England, and that the clergy are beginning to appreciate their social, as well as their theological, duties. But Dr. Döllinger's charges remain as true to-day as they were thirty years ago. And it is by the tests which he applied that its pre-eminence must be justified, if it is to be justified at all. Its claim to respect on the ground of the apostolic succession of its bishops is a piece of insular and modern absurdity, to which theologians of other Churches do not pay even the respect of argument. It fills but a small part of the field of Christianity, a mere corner of the field of religion. Even in England it is in no real sense a national Church. If, therefore, divisions are ever to cease among us, the Church of England must learn to moderate its tone of arrogance. So long as it assumes to itself, without warrant from history or fact, a position of divinely ordered superiority, Non-conformists will decline to treat with it.

THE CURE OF HABITUAL DRUNKENNESS.

ONE of our morning contemporaries, with a genius for creating mild ferment in its columns during the silly season, has started a discussion on the growing prevalence of drinking habits amongst women. It is a less silly and inconsequential discussion than usual. It has a definite tendency; and if leaders of the temperance movement would only take note of the same, and concentrate at least some of their energies upon so small a matter, they might get passed with the greatest ease in the coming Session of Parliament a solid and beneficent, if unheroic, measure of reform. We mean an amendment of the Habitual Drunkards Act, which is now a broken-backed and unworkable affair, but with capacities for greater things. Even publicans will not object to this reform; a circumstance, no doubt, which may rob it of its attractions for the belligerent spirits, but which, we should hope, would rather help to quicken the zeal of the more commonplace and matter-of-fact friends of the cause.

Our contemporary has been inspired to start its discussion by certain magisterial utterances in the police-courts. The magistrates are beginning to cry out at the worse than impotence of the law in presence of certain constantly recurring phenomena, and at the swelling tide of an evil outside, of which these phenomena which appear within their courts are but the signs and tokens. There is the case of Jane Cakebread, sent to jail for the two-hundredth time for drunkenness. When she comes out at the end of her month she will get drunk again, and the magistrate will send her to prison for the two-hundred-and-first time. That is all he can do. There is Tottie Fay's—a precisely similar case. These are the "interesting" cases which the police reporters find worth a paragraph, and thus they come to our ears. But the magistrates declare they are baffled and appalled by the increasing number of married women who now appear in their courts, and who are brought before them, the same women, again and again. And these women, be it noted, are but a small proportion of the army of female drunkards; it is only in the last resort, when the woman is disorderly as well as drunk, that the constable gives himself the unpleasant job of "hauling" her to the station, and bringing her into court. No wonder, says one magistrate, there is so much wife-beating.

Now this evil of drunkenness amongst women is a terrible one; there is something even more revolting and despair-inspiring about it than there is about drunkenness in men: one thing, it is more destructive of family life. But we shall not dwell upon that aspect of it now; neither shall we go into the causes of it as a social evil—a consideration which would lead us over the whole field of social problems, from tenement house life to the conditions of the drink traffic. We shall confine ourselves here to one practical point: namely, how far an amendment of the Habitual Drunkards Act would help to lead the law out of the *impasse* into which the case of habitual drunkards now conducts it. Dipsomania is a curable disease, and the time has come for the law to furnish—as it can furnish—the chief agency in effecting its cure. Already, by the imperfect Habitual Drunkards Act, it has confessed to a feeling that it can, and that it ought, to do something in this direction. The habitual drunkard, even in the worst of those cases which come before the magistrates, does not present the terrible problems which paralyse us in the case of the habitual criminal, whose constant re-appearance in the dock is another of the phenomena of modern social pathology. The habitual criminal, as a

rule, belongs to a type—the criminal type—and the predominance of his criminal instincts seems an original and settled part of his being, like the conformation of his skull or the shape of his fingers. Habitual drunkards, on the other hand, come from no special type; they are recruited from almost all types. Persons of the highest moral temperament have fallen victims to dipsomania. All of us who have noticed much of the life around us know honourable men and women, some even very beautiful characters, who have come within the reach of this insidious influence, and we have marked their gradual fall into its degrading servitude. In a word, the habitual drunkard, hopeless though he appear, may have all the elements of a sound character still about him, and the chances of his reclaimability are increased by the fact that his servitude to the drink habit is mainly traceable to a physical cause. All authorities on this subject are now agreed about two things concerning habitual drunkenness: first, that so long as what is called the "drink crave" exists in a man, he is a slave thereto, and is no more responsible for his actions than a lunatic with lucid intervals; and second, that it is possible to eradicate the "drink crave" from the system, and to restore a man to full control of himself as against the temptations of intoxicating liquors.

The question, then, for the law to consider is—How can you eradicate the "drink crave" from the habitual drunkard? The authorities are agreed upon this point also: that the surest way—indeed, the only way—of getting the drink crave out of the system is to starve it out. That is to say, if you take a habitual drunkard and detain him in an asylum or other establishment where it can be strictly ensured that he will not touch a drop of spirituous liquor for a prolonged period—a year at least; in some cases three years are necessary—the drink crave is gradually killed off, and eventually the man is totally freed from any desire for stimulants. By well-considered moral and physical discipline and occupation, during the interval, carried out under the direction of an efficient staff, the cure can be hastened, and the character of the patient fortified for his return to the world. Here is where the law must step in. Instead of sending habitual drunkards to jail, it must send them to State inebriate asylums. The Habitual Drunkards Act, though it makes a bad shot at it, really aims at this idea. It provides for the confinement of habitual drunkards in inebriate asylums under certain conditions. If the friends of a dipsomaniac are willing to pay for him, and if the dipsomaniac himself signs a paper consenting to be confined, an inebriate asylum is authorised to detain him compulsorily for twelve months; or if a dipsomaniac is charged and convicted before a magistrate, and if he has friends willing to pay for him, the magistrate may commit him to the inebriate asylum instead of to prison. There are two fatal defects in these provisions: first, they treat the dipsomaniac as if he were a responsible individual; second, they are of no use to the very poor. The dipsomaniac must be dealt with in all respects, both as to the proving of his state and as to the taking possession of his person, as if he were a lunatic; and for those who are unable to pay for their keep, the State must do as it already does with regard to lunatics in the same condition. State inebriate asylums will in the long run be vastly cheaper to the country than the jails, and they will do what the jails have failed to do—they will cure. They will be an institution of hope, instead of an institution of despair. If temperance reformers will take the work of amending the Habitual Drunkards Act in hand, they will find they have a very great thing within their reach.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

EUROPEAN politicians wake lazily from the summer siesta. With the possible exception of the Bulgarian Greek school question, the developments of the week are but of secondary interest. The Labour troubles continue to occupy the French press, with a casual interpolation from the ranks of the Royalists. In Germany a large volume of independent opinion is growing up against the scheme of military reorganisation. The Greek Government may attempt to divert attention from home difficulties by magnifying the Bourgas incident; but, with that exception, there is no new international complication.

We have had the singular spectacle of a "National" Congress of the French Socialist "Parti Ouvrier" presided over by a German Deputy. Herr Liebknecht, no doubt, well justified his selection. He tackled the question boldly, and apparently gave complete satisfaction to his audience. "With us Socialists," said he, "there is no question of nationality. There are but two nations: the 'exploiters' and the 'exploited.'" In a Social Democracy the question of Alsace-Lorraine would be got rid of. The triumph of Socialism in France and Germany would solve the whole difficulty. Herr Liebknecht in course of a subsequent interview expanded this notable declaration for a new international effort against militarism. He believes the peace of Europe assured for a long period, and sees no alternatives for the great nations save disarmament and bankruptcy. "The German Socialist programme would be to add Alsace and Lorraine to the great democracy of Switzerland." As to what German Socialists would do in case of war, he declared that "if Germany were the aggressor the Democratic Socialist party would rise as one man to resist the Government." But if France opened fire, he could not forget that he was something of a German, "and it would be an act of treason not to repel a foreign invader." He added a few words on the "sad and revolting" spectacle of the Franco-Russian alliance. Again, on Wednesday, at Mulhouse, Herr Liebknecht spoke out boldly in favour of Parliamentary methods, citing English and American successes in this line. The Marseilles Congress—which, by the way, included six Deputies, five Mayors, and thirty Municipal Councillors—further distinguished itself by censuring "the anti-Socialist majority" at Glasgow for organising a London International Congress in competition with that which is to take place at Zürich, and deciding to take no part in the former. Among the foreign addresses received was one from a Russian group, which several French papers reported as being signed by Vera Zassoulitch. But this must be a mistake; for the Vera Zassoulitch died some months ago.

All the counsel and mediation of M. Loubet and M. Viette in the matter of the Carmaux strike have so far been in vain. They have now seen Baron Reille, the President of the Mining Company, and, on the other hand, the three Paris Deputies—MM. Chassaing, Maujan, and Dupuy-Dutemps—who have taken up the case of the miners; but, as usual, the matter is treated as one of principle on either side. The Minister of Public Works is understood to favour the demand for the reinstatement of all the workmen, including M. Calvignac, with clear arrangement for his municipal duties; but he refuses to sanction the withdrawal of the troops. A special meeting of the Company was to be held yesterday.

The French Government has negatived a decision of the municipality of Roubaix to vote 10,000 francs to the employés of the Société Anonyme, who have been on strike now for four months.

At a little social rally of Monarchs on Sunday, Count d'Haussonville delivered a speech which is still echoing about the corners of the French press; but if the Republic—lying between "the attacks of anarchy and the audacities of Municipal Socialism"—

has its difficulties, the champion of a new Liberal and Democratic Monarchy had to meet a more serious obstacle still in the reconciliation of the Head of the Church to the Republican *régime*. There is something absurd in the idea that the banquet-hall of the Château de Chambord is a proper forge for a Republican "balance-wheel."

It is arranged that the Chambers shall meet on October 18th. The election of a deputy for Poitiers to fill the place of the late Monarchist member, M. de Touchimbert, resulted in the return of M. Bazille, a Republican, who easily defeated M. Deloncle. Two other vacancies remain to be filled, the one in the Hautes-Pyrénées in place of the Marquis de Breteuil, the other in the Drôme in place of Senator Chevandier. On the 2nd inst. M. Bourgeois, the Minister of Public Instruction, will be glorifying Méhul, the "grand composer" of the *Chant du Départ*, and unveiling a statue at Givet. Sunday is the anniversary of M. Boulanger's tragic death, and there will be a demonstration in the Ixelles Cemetery, near Brussels. M. Déroulède is still ill and cannot go, but M. Rochefort may cross the Channel.

At a bye-election at Löwenberg for the German Diet the Conservative candidate has been returned. This is the first-fruits of the Centre-Conservative alliance. The three official Socialist candidates were returned at the municipal elections in Berlin on Wednesday. The situation in regard to the new Army Bill is fully explained in another column. A Government factory inspector has been censured for selecting the Social Democratic organ in Cologne for the publication of an official notice. The step is condemned even by Moderates. Great interest is being taken in the preparations for the long-distance ride between Vienna and Berlin which starts on the 1st inst. The distance is about 390 miles, and should be done in less than four days. Already over 130 officers of the German army have entered.

The Swedish Riksdag has been convened for an extraordinary (or, as it is called, "urtima") session, commencing October 17th, for the consideration of military reorganisation; but there is not much probability of the "ninety-days" scheme being carried.

The Moderates (writes our Copenhagen correspondent) appear to be gaining in number and influence in Denmark. The gulf between the Moderate Left and the Radical section is getting wider every day. The Danish Parliament meets on October 3rd, but it is thought that it will devote itself rather to routine legislative work than to any more startling political doings.

Cholera has now broken out in the Baltic Provinces. It is, however, decreasing in Russia generally. At Berlin there has not yet been any case. At Hamburg the situation continues to improve. The Imperial authorities are busy about the locks now that the door is so effectively broken open, and the new Bill which is being prepared contains provisions for the application of quarantine against foreign countries and the restriction of internal communication between different States or districts within the empire. The fear of an epidemic in Belgium is now at an end. In Paris there has been a slight increase since the Fêtes.

The Italian Cabinet met on Sunday and practically decided that the elections should take place either on the 6th or the 13th of November. The new Chamber would then be called together about the 20th. M. di Rudini and his friends have met and have decided not to oppose the Government during the elections, but to prepare for action during the ensuing session. The financial situation is more and more precarious. The King is said to be opposed to a serious reduction of the military votes; and the Finance Minister is at his wits' end to know how to lessen the deficit.

The forcible closing on Friday last week of a Greek school at the little Bulgarian port of Bourgas, under the Education Act passed by the Sobranje last winter, has aroused the most excited and angry feeling, and has drawn from the Greek Government

a diplomatic note to the Powers, which it claims have already provided by Organic Statute for the complete preservation of religious and educational liberty in the various Roumelian nationalities. M. Stambuloff and the Bulgarian Foreign Minister were both out of the capital when the incident occurred. The rash act of a local official has probably given, most unfortunately and inopportune, fresh point to the mutual jealousies of the Greek and Bulgarian Governments. Count Kalnoky—who, by the way, in view of the approaching meeting of the Austro-Hungarian delegations, has his own troubles to see to—had an hour's conversation with the King of Greece on Monday. He had already seen M. Lahovary, the Roumanian Minister, who was also received by the Emperor.

The letter from Constantinople which we publish in another column gives some colour to the report received by telegraph to the effect that the Sultan, really fearing an Armenian outbreak, but nominally in anticipation of possible representations by the English Government, has issued a mixed commission of inquiry into Armenian grievances. It is said that the New Katholico, when he reaches St. Petersburg, will report to the Czar upon the same subject.

Mr. Cleveland has lagged somewhat behind Mr. Harrison in his formal acceptance of his nomination as candidate for the Presidency; but his letter has been published this week. Although he is against "unfair Governmental aid to private ventures," he is careful to say that he contemplates "the fair and careful distribution of the necessary tariff burdens rather than the precipitation of Free Trade"; and he opines that American citizens "cannot be frightened by the spectre of impossible Free Trade." There are similar mild passages favouring a stable currency and a pension list "uncontaminated by ill desert and uninitiated by demagogic use."

Several reports of outrages upon British and American subjects by General Urdeneta, who recently proclaimed himself Dictator of the Western States of Venezuela, have come through New York this week.

THE NORTHERN EDGE OF GREENLAND.

THERE is a fascination about Arctic adventure which does not belong to exploration in any other part of the world, not even in the most savage of all the continents, Africa. There is an "other-worldliness" about the lands round the North Pole which is to be found nowhere else; the venturesome explorer feels that here he is in a region where "no man hath been since the making of the world." And yet the belief is cherished by sound biologists and geologists that life must have originated in the earth as it cooled down from its red-hot condition around the poles, a belief supported by the fact that the fossil vegetation found in the remote north would demand a climate as mild at least as that of Central Europe. This contention, some may think, is supported by what Lieutenant Peary observed when he reached the utmost limits of Greenland in that expedition concerning which there has been so much in the papers during the past few days. He found the inland ice ended here at some distance from the sea margin, that the climate was mild, and vegetation of various kinds flourished. But the expedition has many points of interest, not the least of which was that Lieutenant Peary was accompanied by his newly-wedded wife, not much beyond her girlhood. She bore herself bravely, and never for a moment hindered or hampered the expedition. About fifteen months ago the expedition was landed by the steamer *Kite* in McCormick Bay, about 78° N., on the north-west coast of Greenland. Some preliminary trips were made before the winter set in, and in the spring of the present year. In the middle of May the start was made to carry out the main

purpose of the expedition: to reach the north coast of Greenland over the inland ice. The route was along the head of Petermann and other fjords which cut into the north-west coast of Greenland, and thus 82° N. was reached, the members of the expedition suffering many hardships from the stormy weather. A more easterly course was then taken, and finally the ice-cap ended, and in lat. 81° 37' N. and 34° W. of Greenwich the coast-line was reached at a bay named Independence, in commemoration of the day on which it was discovered, July 4th. The important geographical bearing of this discovery is that this bay lies southward of the furthest point reached by the Greely expedition (83°), and northwards of the furthest known point on the east coast of Greenland, about 78° N. The natural inference is that Greenland is an island, its north, like its east and west coasts, indented by fjords, and that the trend of the north coast is from north-east to south-east. Now that Lieutenant Peary has shown the way, we may expect other expeditions to follow in his footsteps, for it seems evident that this inhospitable land is to be explored more easily by land than by sea. The east coast has proved much more intractable to exploration than the west coast, because the former has an almost constant barrier of ice standing out from its shores, as was graphically shown by Dr. Nansen, in his narrative of the "Crossing of Greenland." Moreover, it would seem that if further attempts are to be made to push northwards towards the Pole, this same north coast of Greenland would form an admirable *point d'appui*. There would not be any great difficulty in accumulating provisions and other necessities in depôts along the coast, so that it might be made to form the basis of exploration towards the North continued over two or three years. It is to be hoped that Dr. Nansen will be able to avail himself of all the information collected by Lieutenant Peary before he sets out on his own hazardous venture.

The return journey from the North was successfully accomplished, though again with hardships, and the loss of one man, who would seem to have disappeared in a crevasse. Lieutenant Peary was accompanied by a small staff of hired men, and has brought back an abundance of collections of various kinds, which will be welcome to science and reward the Philadelphia Academy, which sent the expedition out. Not the least interesting of the fruits of this expedition will be the information collected during the many months' intercourse with the isolated Eskimo tribes who inhabit this remote region, the "Arctic Highlanders" of the old explorers. Much of the ground traversed by the expedition rose to an altitude of over 8,000 feet, which sent down many enormous glaciers to find their way to the sea by the picturesque fjords.

SINUS BODAMICUS.

CONSTANZ is a pleasant little town, with many historic memories, and the tomb of a real English Bishop in a place of honour in its minster; but we have often seen it before, and moreover it is scarcely more lively on a Sunday morning than an English cathedral city. South German Catholics shut their shops on the Sabbath-day as tight as English Protestants. Boats, however, are plenty, and the garden of the Insel Hotel, once a Benedictine monastery, now the most delightful of all German inns, is washed by the waters of the lake. A drizzling shower has cleared off just at the right hour to make us certain that it will have no successor that day; the water is scarcely rippled by a light breeze from the north, sure harbinger, in all Alpine and sub-Alpine lands, of fine weather. In short, all things combine to indicate the lake as the proper place for the day's excursion. So we seek the steps at the corner of the hotel-garden, hard by

the bridge under which the Rhine flows forth, a purified stream, from the "Swabian Sea"—

"Tragend seine stolze Jugend
Weiter in die deutschen Gau'n"—

and select a small vessel, adapted for a single rower. Its build would hardly satisfy Searle or Clasper, and the sculls, instead of working in rowlocks, are attached by iron collars to a single pin on each side, whereby feathering is rendered impossible—rather a trial at first to English wrists. But by adopting a somewhat nautical style, with a good "dig" at the end of the stroke, a fair pace can be maintained; and so we launch forth on the bosom of the Boden See. Few people probably now need to be informed that this is the name borne in its own country by the noble sheet of water which we call the Lake of Constance. The origin of the name has been a good deal discussed, but it probably means only the lake of the flat country, or lowlands. Its position on the north side of the Alps corresponds curiously to that of the Lake of Garda on the south. The Italian lake has, doubtless, the advantage in point of grandeur. The noble precipices which tower over its north-western portion have no rivals on the Swabian water; and, except perhaps in the month of May, the apple-orchards of the Würtemberg shore can hardly match the lemon-groves of Salò and Gargnano. On the other hand, the southern lake, even allowing for an occasional glimpse of the Adamello, offers no distant prospect equal to that of the Vorarlberg and Appenzell mountains, as seen in clear weather from Constanz and its neighbourhood; nor does Peschiera, "bello e forte arnese" though it be, show anything equal, from a picturesque point of view, to the spires and towers of the old Imperial city, as we see them this morning rising out of the sunny water. In the matter of associations, a line of Virgil and a poem of Catullus must be held at least to balance all the memories of the Council—even with Huss thrown in—and of the Thirty Years' War. One feature is common to the two lakes. A small portion of the upper end of each is in Austrian territory; and the honest, sunburnt faces and grey uniforms of the Kaiserjäger are to be seen at every turn, alike in Riva and in Bregenz.

These and other reflections occur to us as we row along the western shore of the promontory, which here corresponds more or less with the peninsula of Sirmium. Near the end of it stands a solitary cottage in a vineyard, which would make no bad home for some Swabian Catullus. A few poplars rustle in the breeze, while the wash of the passing steamer sways the reeds along the shore. From this point our course lies across the arm of the lake known as the Ueberlinger See. Our goal, the little town of Meersburg, gleams, a white patch amid green vines, some three miles off; and about the same distance to the north-west the island of Mainau, surely the most charmingly placed of grand-ducal or royal summer residences, comes into view. As far as the eye can reach, vineyards alternate with pine-woods, villages nestle among orchards, and, one after another, more bright little towns climb steeply up the hillside, each crowned with its church and castle. We cast a glance every now and again over the shoulder to make sure that we are holding a straight course, and presently smaller and nearer objects begin to hide the larger and farther. The spire of Meersburg Church, hitherto seen against the hillside, comes out sharply against the sky, and in a few minutes we are running into the trim but tiny harbour. With the aid of a friendly inhabitant our ship is made fast, and after exchanging a little amicable chaff with the official who represents the Customs of the Grand Duchy of Baden, and is on the look-out for contraband from Austria or Switzerland, we note for future use a tidy-looking Wirthshaus handy to the quay, and proceed to the exploration of the little town.

Meersburg consists of little more than one steep street, two castles, old and new, and a church. As

we stroll up the first under the mid-day August sun, we meet the whole population, prayer-book in hand, returning from the last; and from the repeated salutations of "guten Tag" and "gruss Gott" with which the stranger is welcomed, we judge the Swabians of this region at least to be a kindly and hospitable folk. The history of the place may be read in Mr. Capper's "Shores and Cities of the Boden See"; from which we learn that the chronicle of the little town has been long and interesting. Its castle may or may not have been built by "le bon roi Dagobert," and one wonders what he should have been doing in these parts, though the Allemani were once his good allies; but, at any rate, it steps into history in the early days of the great Hohenstaufen, Frederick the Second. The "terzo vento di Soave" had good cause to be grateful to Constanz, which had harboured him and excluded his rival Otto at a moment when it was all important to him to secure a foothold on German soil; and it is not surprising that the city which had played, as it were, a "prerogative" part in his elevation to the kingdom should have been one of the first to receive a visit from him after the crown was secure on his head. At all events, we find him there in the spring of 1213; and there seems to be a record of his having, as it is likely that he would do, visited Meersburg at this time. Whether here or at Constanz, we may be pretty sure that he did not depart without sampling the chief product of Meersburg—the good red wine, which is to this day what it was (if we may believe the veracious pages of "Ekkehard") some centuries even before Frederick's time, the best and most potent of all the wines of Swabia. As we consume our modest pint in the little white hostelry on the quay, we are affected with a sense almost of awe at the thought that the liquor in our glass is the representative of a name illustrated by an untarnished reputation extending over more than a thousand years. What potentate can claim the like?

But the sun is inclining westward, and we have a long row home and a heavy ship to propel. There are too many steamers plying up and down the lake to make it a wholly desirable piece of water after dark, with only one pair of eyes in the boat. Let us get back to the "Insel" in time for a header before dinner, in the excellent swimming-bath which pertains to the establishment. After which we shall be quite ready for our evening meal, and a pipe in the twilight on the garden wall which overhangs the lake; while the peaks of the Silvretta group are glowing seventy miles away in the last gleam of sunset.

THUGS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE existence of a race of hereditary and professional murderers in India, who remorselessly slay men and women, not from motives of revenge, but merely for the money they may happen to have upon their persons, has long been popularly known in England. Even those who have only the vaguest idea of the vastness of the British dominion in India, and who make no attempt to understand the political and social questions which arise from the nature of that dominion, are aware of the practices of the Thugs. This knowledge is largely due to the wide circulation of Meadows Taylor's first novel, "The Confessions of a Thug," which has been constantly reprinted since its first appearance in 1839, and remains to this day the most popular work of the most fascinating of Anglo-Indian novelists. The efforts made to suppress the horrible system of organised assassination by means of a special department under the Indian Government, which acted with peculiar powers and freed from the restrictions imposed on ordinary police, are also generally known and counted among the glories of the English administration in India! This was partly owing to the literary ability of Colonel Sir William Sleeman, the

first officer placed in charge of the Thuggee and Dacoitee Department, whose "Report on the Thug Gangs, etc., 1837," published in 1840, and "Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official," published in 1844, are deservedly popular even to the present time. But the idea is prevalent that Sir William Sleeman's vigorous measures entirely stamped out Thuggee, and this delusion is shared even by some most recent authors on Indian matters.

The most glaring evidence of this mistaken idea is to be found in a volume of the generally accurate "Rulers of India" series, published by the Clarendon Press at Oxford, and edited by Sir W. W. Hunter. In his monograph on Lord William Bentinck, the most recently published of the series, Mr. Demetrius Boulger asserts: "The active operations of the Thug department covered a period of six years, and during that time two thousand Thugs were arrested. . . . The final result of these sustained and systematic efforts to suppress the crime was that all the principal bands were broken up, that the reputation of the Thugs was destroyed, and that the most formidable murder association which India had ever known passed out of existence" (pp. 74, 75). It is absurd to imagine that Thuggee could be suppressed in six years; it will be many a long year before that can happen. It is ridiculous to assert that the Thuggee Department only existed for six years, as a reference to the India List proves the contrary. And as if to demonstrate the falsity of such reckless statements, a distinguished successor of Sir William Sleeman as head of the Thuggee and Dacoite Department, General Charles Hervey, C.B., has just published two bulky volumes, containing the record of his labours for the single year 1867.*

General Hervey's name and work are sufficiently well known to Anglo-Indian administrators of the post-Mutiny period; but the scope of his inquiries, the difficulties of his duties, and the importance of his office, as revealed in these "Records," will come upon the average English reader with a sense of freshness and novelty. It is not by any exercise of literary skill that General Hervey charms his reader; on the contrary, he is in places prolix, and he constantly interrupts the course of his narrative with long notes, which he styles postscripts; he irritatingly obtrudes his personal views on current social and political questions, as jotted down in his diary from day to day, and he is occasionally garrulous in his reminiscences; but his narrative is full of interesting anecdotes, and of curious comments on men and things derived from his long experience as head of one of the most interesting departments in India. It would be difficult to analyse the fascination which the history of crime and criminals exercises on the minds of men. The "Newgate Calendar," abounding though it does in the records of sordid crimes and of the misdeeds of scurvy villains, yet presents a kaleidoscope of ever-varying interest, in which the perpetual struggle of the individual against society and its avenger—the law—is constantly illustrated in dramatic fashion. To the careers of such heroes of crime as Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard is added further a romantic interest by reason of their hairbreadth escapes and legendary deeds of daring. The drama of real life is more interesting than the drama of the stage, and the spectacle of individuals or small bodies of men warring against the overwhelming forces of law and social order rouses a sentiment of sympathy akin to that which induces an Adelphi audience to applaud the persecuted hero of a melodrama by reason of the accumulated misfortunes he has to overcome before the close of the last act. It may be immoral to feel interest in a criminal, but it is an immorality resembling that which causes delight in the sufferings of a policeman in the pantomime when he is tricked

* "Some Records of Crime, being the Diary of a Year, official and particular, of an Officer of the Thuggee and Dacoite Police." By General Charles Hervey, C.B., some time General Superintendent of the Operations for the Suppression of Thuggee and Dacoite in India. Two vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

by the clown, even in the breasts of those who have no need to feel terror at the approach of a real policeman in the street. Be the reason what it may, human nature does take a keen interest in the famous criminals of the world, whether they do their deeds singly or in bands; and the worse their crimes the greater is the interest taken. And amongst criminals of all times and all countries, it would be difficult to find men more notorious than the Thugs of India.

The most striking point which arises in the comparison of the Thugs of sixty years ago, as described by Sleeman and Meadows Taylor, with those of twenty-five years ago, according to the diary of General Hervey, is that the ancient Thugs were stranglers from the earliest ages, while the modern Thugs are poisoners. The same idea accounts for the choice of both methods of assassination—the religious abhorrence to the shedding of blood. Whereas in former days the Thug or band of Thugs made acquaintance with travellers by the high-roads, and took the opportunity of a mid-day halt or temporary rest to strangle the victim or victims, the modern Thug pursues the same policy of joining company with unwary strangers, but despatches them by means of a gift of poisoned sweetmeats or drugged food, which they have offered to prepare. The motives of both the ancient and the modern Thugs were identical. Revenge or the wilder passions have no part in these murders—they are perpetrated simply as steps to robbery. The amount of money obtained is generally very small, and seems absurdly inadequate when the value of human life is weighed in the balance. But such a consideration never occurs to the Thug; he is absolutely callous, and seems to murder as much because it is his profession to do so as for the profit the profession brings in to him. One special branch of Thuggee is particularised by General Hervey (vol. i., p. 127), in which parents are killed for the sake of the children travelling with them, who are sold at distant places or to persons of the wandering classes, but this seems only to be an especially atrocious species of highway robbery and murder, and not a distinct crime. The victims likewise of the modern Thugs almost invariably belong to the same classes as those of their ancestors the strangling Thugs, being either travellers or women of ill-repute, such as nautch-girls attached to temples, whose ornaments are generally of considerable value. The drug used by the modern or poisoning Thugs seems generally to be stramonium or dhatura, the effect of which is to entirely destroy the constitution and intellect, even when the sufferer escapes with life. General Hervey propounds no theory for the supersession of strangling by poisoning, but remarks in one place that "there was reason to believe that the poisoners were returned emigrants from our ocean settlements" (vol. ii., p. 139) in certain cases, a remark which he justifies in three instances of murder, and which ought to have demanded further inquiry. Even Europeans are not exempt from danger, and the story is told at some length of the attempted poisoning of Mr. Upham, a railway engineer, by his servants, who mixed dhatura with his food with the intention of robbing him while in a state of unconsciousness.

Apart from the hideous circumstances which surround every case of murder or attempted murder by the modern or poisoning Thugs, and which give each its special interest, there are two general considerations which deserve notice—the heredity of crime and the measures taken for the suppression of organised murder. One passage from General Hervey's book, in particular, would afford useful arguments to the men of science who are now enthusiastically studying the problems of the mysterious force called heredity. "These two servants," he says, speaking of the attempted murder of Mr. Upham by poison, "were the offspring of Thug stranglers of the old stock, and the occasion shows the difficulty in reclaiming these people from their evil ways. Among many other examples of this, I would remember that

of the Thug-born lad who was kept in prison, along with his mother, till he had grown up, and was then set at liberty. His father, his uncles, his brothers, all his male relations of several past generations, were Thugs; and those of the immediate or present race of them had been more or less convicted of Thuggee in our operations, and had been variously sentenced—some to be hanged, and others to transportation or imprisonment for various periods, his father being of the number executed. This youth had never himself engaged in any act of Thuggee—he was too young to do so—but he was cognisant of the deeds of his adult male relatives, and he plainly 'belonged to,' was a member of, the formidable association. Hence his incarceration in view to his reformation as he should grow up. But not a bit—far from being reclaimed, he became, on his being at length enlarged, a jemadar, or leader of a gang of Thugs, as his father was before him, and was long notorious as such, till at last he, too, was sought out and taken, and eventually, after conviction and a sentence to death, was admitted by the General Superintendent as an approver under conditional pardon" (vol. ii., p. 54). The system of approvers—that is, of employing men under sentence of death for Thuggee to give information as to their associates as a condition of saving their lives—indicated in this quotation was initiated by Sir William Sleeman. However repugnant such a method may seem, it was the only one possible. Ordinary police measures were quite inadequate to break down the murderous leagues, bound as they were by ties of kindred; spies could not be employed; detectives were of no use; and special and extraordinary means had to be adopted. That they have been so successful is due to the high qualities of the British officers at the head of the Thuggee Department, and it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that the diminution of Thuggee will ever rank among the most creditable achievements of the British administrators in our Indian Empire.

NO STITCHERY.

EVERY age has its own amusements, its recreative impulses towards one or other of those diversions on whose shoulders Sir George Cornwall Lewis laid so much of life's shortcoming. So far as the male sex is concerned, history reveals not infrequent changes in popular pastimes, more or less in accordance with the march of civilisation. Such variations did not, however, manifest themselves to any extent in the social life of ancient or mediæval womanhood. Instinct provided them with a few forms of recreation, over which they rang the changes of *ennui* through the centuries, until those recreations became an integral part of woman's nature, and a recognised factor in the sum of her life's leisure. One of the most obvious of these was the cult of the needle and thread. Since primeval times it has been regarded as the first of her legitimate and natural pursuits, and the sewing of women has from time to time inspired both the painter and the poet. There was a suggestion of placid innocence about it that allied this aspect of womanhood to that of the divine maternity, and more than once a brodered strip crept into the pictured hands of the Madonna. During the *Moyen Âge* tapestry-working was almost the sole employment of gentlewomen; nor did needle-work as a recreation go out of fashion from the days of the Bayeux tapestry till the close of the present century. With diversities of material and stitching the female population continued to ply their needle and thread as unremittingly and untiringly, if not to such desperate purpose, as the heroine of Hood's "Song of the Shirt"; though there is, after all, more than a suggestion of desperation in the ceaseless filling of empty lives with stitches. But otherwise fashioned are the women of to-day. As for the leisured classes, their thimbles know them not, and in all ranks of womanhood sewing has ceased to

be regarded as a pastime. Sewing there is—much beautiful and divers stitchery—but it is as a rule professional work, undertaken not as a labour of love, but for filthy lucre's sake.

The reasons of this growing infidelity to needle-work as an amusement are not far to seek. The nervous restlessness of the modern temperament is one of them. Our grandmothers knew nothing of nerves, and were content in the accomplishment of one square of wool-work in the span of a labour-day. Hour after hour sat the mother of all, living at her spinning-wheel or at her tapestry frame, slumbrous of brain, tranquil of heart, and placid of face, while the world without revolved in bliss or despair, recking nought of her whose soul lay in the evolution of an embroidered blossom or the turn of a stocking-heel. To-day far other issues claim the energies and the wits of womanhood; her ears are no longer closed to the press of life nor to its pain, for which knitting is no sedative nor crochet an anodyne. Another reason for the discarding of what is commonly called "fancy work" among educated women is the spread of the utilitarian spirit so characteristic of these latter days. Life is less ornamental than it was, but it is certainly more useful as a whole. Butterflies may be numerous enough, but there are more bees. What is the use of embellishing antimacassars? is a question which certainly never occurred to our fair ancestresses, but rises naturally enough to the heart and also to the lips of the modern maid who joins a Dorcas Society if the love of stitchery be in her, or subscribes to Mudie's if it be not. Lawn-tennis has also something to do with the decline and fall of the work-basket. Twenty years ago the necessity for physical exercise had not dawned upon the female intelligence, and the doctrines of hygiene were neither understood by the public nor formulated by the faculty. The boys of the family went out into the fresh air to play cricket, but the girls sat in the school-room and learnt to do crewel-work while their mothers played croquet, with never a vision of tennis or golf to disturb their lethargy. Now these activities are the rule instead of the exception, and as the days provide no extra hours in which to take part in them, the cult of the health has superseded the cult of the needle. Modern life has no longer time for useless stitches, and few enough minutes for necessary ones.

But there is no gain without a corresponding loss. That women put something worth retaining from them when the thimble suffered decree of banishment, is undeniable. Some essence of femininity, neither dignity nor yet repose, but partaking of the nature of each, was sewn into her soul with those regular silken stitches, and the handling of rare broderies associated itself with a stately grace and leisure that has fled from her life for aye. *Madame fin-de-siècle* may be—nay is—an adorable creature, but there is a moral St. Vitus's dance about her that outwears devotion—that rends instead of resting; and thus it is that when the man of to-day is in want of repose he seeks the seclusion that his club-room grants, as remote as possible from the agitating element of femininity. Time was when Edwin could rely on finding Angelina intent on a strip of crewel-work, her mind, such as it was, free to take in the tale either of his love or his despair; but having now laid the sewing aside in favour of the latest agnostic novel, or an essay on the newest political creed, she has neither time nor inclination to be sympathetic, and that is why men complain that women are less companionable than they used to be, and less dependent upon them for amusement and consolation. Age, not only of body, but of heart, overtakes her more swiftly than of yore, for an emotional capacity always in use is naturally sooner exhausted; and what is age but prostration of energy? It is not impossible that "fancy work" had, after all, some elements of the elixir of beauty in it, and that some regenerating power lay in the mindless moving of fingers round a bobbin or a ball of wool. But in that swelling of the tide which is bearing the mothers of

men out to a realisation of the fulness of their stature and possibilities, which of us will sigh for the old hopeless bondage, even if freedom has to be purchased at the cost of a slightly abbreviated adolescence?

A LETTER TO CERTAIN NOVELISTS.

EAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS.—A few weeks ago we received a circular letter from the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, asking us why we abstain from writing plays. Our answers, some of which ran to a considerable length, have now been published; and I think you will agree with me that in the mass they make a very lamentable display. Lamentable, in a sense, the collection was expected to be: for reasonably as followers of one craft may be forgiven for incompetence in another, a number of signed confessions of such incompetence—and this without doubt is what the public looked for—must needs be tedious, unprofitable, and even painful reading. As a nation the English love their eminent men to be versatile; nay, if possible, omniscient. They plume themselves upon Mr. Gladstone's Egyptology, and write foot-notes to prove that Shakespeare was an accomplished botanist. Doubts may lurk in their hearts, but they shrink from having these doubts confirmed. As a body, we are probably not very eminent; yet I am sure the public waited with a shrinking apprehension to hear, on the best authority, that we could not write plays.

But "doubts may be liars." How gloriously we falsified this fear! It turned out—the public had it from our own lips—that we were more capable than anybody suspected. To the question, "Why do you not write plays?" the answer "Because I cannot," was given in no single case. No; our letters made lamentable reading, but not because they hinted at weakness or failure. Their sustained note was one of cheery self-confidence. We spoke as giants rejoicing in reserves of strength.

Why, then, were our letters lamentable? Well, I am afraid, in the first place, that people who are not novelists, healthy people of good culture and generous breeding, will be inclined to shun us for the future. If you, sir or madam, will peruse the letters again (omitting, of course, your own) it will probably strike you that the writers must be unpleasant people to entertain or sit at table with. The company and friendship of actors we shall lose without a sigh; for I gather that we despise actors from the bottom of our souls. They are rarely gentlemen: and now that we have told them so they will be doubly shy in our presence. Not even our genial readiness to instruct them in their own art will (unless I am mistaken) dissipate their uneasiness: rather, it must intensify their consciousness of inferiority. They will continue to worship us, no doubt—our genius will constrain them to this—but decently and from afar: and they will find it an expensive matter to give us any practical proof of their esteem. "I have sometimes thought," says Mr. Shorthouse, "that could there be maintained in London a very small theatre in which all the pit seats were stalls, and there was no gallery, or a very small, high-priced one, and in which no mechanical apparatus was allowed excepting scene-shifting—and that very seldom and occasional—that such a theatre might become a school for a class of English actors who would recall the past, and might perchance attract the highest genius to write for the stage." He says "perchance," you see: even after all these pains—even when he has sought out and acquired that uncommon apparatus "a very seldom scene-shifting," the actor-manager may be cheated of his splendid hopes.

Yes, we can bear with equanimity the dislikes, not only of actors, but of those people who frequent the theatre for other purposes than to act. They are an unintelligent multitude, spiritual mates of the

cobblers and hucksters of a hundred years ago; and we have told them so, by the mouth of Mr. Gissing. And some of us also—gifted beings as we are—dislike each other, and can put up with it. But there must be a small residue of cultivated people with whom the novelist would like to be on good terms; and these are just the people to take fright at our letters. Our *obiter dicta* are so amazing: their tone so curiously petulant. Mr. Frank Harris, for instance, will tell a short story against any man in Britain; but does it not argue some lack of personal amenity when, in the midst of a non-controversial talk about the stage, he breaks out with sentences like these—"I know little and care less about Björnson, Kielland, and Sandeau. George Sand seems to me to be merely a fine pen; the younger Dumas as a playwright bores me unspeakably"? Or let us imagine Mr. Shorthouse opening his lips and saying to an awed dinner-table—"With regard to the Continent, two thoughts occur to me: First, the French and German novelists are different from us; second, the French are born actors." Is there any conversation, on any possible subject, that this remark would not kill?

For our own sakes, therefore, these letters are to be deplored by us and repented of. But I think they are deplorable also on general grounds. They show a somewhat black ingratitude. We, who have been heaping abuse on the public that sits in the stalls of the theatre, are not the starving, unknown members of our profession. We are those whom this very public has found out and fed. It had no obligation to buy our books—this cannot be too often insisted on: but since it *has* bought our books, we have an obligation to refrain from abusefulness. It may be true that the people who sit in the stalls at Drury Lane are the spiritual mates of those who, a hundred years ago, sat in stalls of another kind—cobblers' or hucksters'; but they certainly are the same people who subscribe to Mudie's. And (ingratitude being mostly foolish) by deriding their intelligence we condemn ourselves.

Moreover, it seems likely that in these letters we have taken an exaggerated view of our importance in the scheme of things. As a matter of fact it will hardly be the matter of a rushlight to this world whether we write plays or abstain. And even if we gave up writing novels and laid us down and died, the same old crush would continue round Mudie's counter.

A. T. Q. C.

M. OHNET'S NEW BOOK.

THE children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. While your "Rhoda Fleming" is known to a few hundred readers, your "Three Men in a Boat" has been paid for, in hard cash, by hundreds of thousands. It is better to be a Georges Ohnet than a man of letters. Ask the publishers. M. Ohnet's new book "Nemrod et Cie" (Paris: Ollendorff) has been out but a few days, and is already in its thirty-first edition. All the world and his wife and his concierge read M. Ohnet—particularly his concierge. To cater successfully for the concierges is to achieve success in the grand style. In England we should make M. Ohnet a knight and run him for the shrievalty of the City of London. He would take the chair at charity dinners, and be expected, quite seriously, to reply to the toast of "Literature." No living Frenchman so fully satisfies the English ideal as he. Perhaps the consciousness of this near relationship accounts for the unceremonious fashion in which he treats us. He declares that he, for one, is no Anglomaniac. He objects to our garden-paths, which, it seems, are all asphalted. He dislikes our vegetables, which consist of naught but cabbages and turnips. He abominates our jabbering language, our "charabia d'anglais." One of his personages actually "began to understand it," after tasting the delights of a flying

visit to "Glasgow" and the "plaisirs de la grande vie anglaise." And he only found it more disgusting than ever! This is scurvy treatment for Old England to receive at the hands of a man who, if he only wrote in bad English, would make an ideal Mudie novelist.

But M. Ohnet prefers to write in bad French. Or, perhaps, he cannot help it. "Manuela, partie pour un flirt, avait abouti à une passion." . . . "Il occupait maintenant les journaux de sport, et les bookmakers se défaient," etc. . . . "Un coup de fortune pour les preneurs audacieux, un coup de bas pour les porteurs de sacoche et les gentlemen de la cote." . . . Is this the language of Voltaire or is it "charabia"? All M. Ohnet's spades are agricultural implements. The salmon caught on the occasion of the famous visit to "Glasgow" are "des monstres aux écailles d'argent." A shooting party is a "stratégie cynégétique." People don't telephone, they "parlent sur la planchette de bois." One may say of M. Ohnet's style what he himself says of someone's way of living, "c'est riche, mais ce n'est pas raffiné." But what of that? Are we not already in our thirty-first edition?

Another characteristic of M. Ohnet's which would qualify him for naturalisation in Mudie-land is his snobbery. A young marquis, the hero and ideal gentleman of the book, is introduced to a Jewish banker and his daughter. "Le fait seul d'être resté, pendant deux minutes, devant tout le monde, en compagnie du père et de la fille, lui parut avilissant." This would have delighted Thackeray. The book is as crowded with funkeys as a tailor's fashion-plate, and we are spared not one gold band nor crested button of their liveries. "Un valet de pied impossible se croisait les bras." . . . "Redevenu promptement impassible, en domestique bien stylé." . . . "Les valets de pied, en demi-tenue, avec le pantalon et l'habit à l'anglaise, attendaient immobiles." Every wealthy man is "richissime," every villa "magnifique." If two people take pot-luck at a cottage, it must be with "naperon de toile brodée, argenterie étincelante, fleurs dans une jardinière en cristal, et fruits admirables dans des assiettes de vieux chine."

As to the characters who live and move and have their being amid these impassible domestics and this Persic apparatus of gleaming silver and old china, one knows, after the slightest experience of M. Ohnet's work, exactly what they will be like beforehand. We are sure of having (1) the vulgar Dives, or "richissime," a variant of Moulinet in "Le Maître de Forges." He was once a porter at Lisbon, just as M. Daudet's Nabob was a porter at Tunis. As in M. Daudet's book, several pages will be devoted to pictures of the way in which the Nabob is pillaged by a horde of hangers-on and servitors. In the presence of blue-blooded aristocracy, he will be offensively noisy or abjectly cringing. And as M. Drumont is at present a power in the land, the vulgar old fellow will be made a Jew. He will, of course, have (2) a daughter, who will be in every respect a contrast to her father. When papa is particularly bad-mannered, her gentle eyes will fill with tears. She will secretly make presents to the curé and play Lady Bountiful from the seat of her pony-phaeton, behind which the groom sits impassible with folded arms. She will fall in love with the young marquis, who is the dispossessed proprietor of her papa's château, and in due time she will be "converted" to Catholicism in order that the young marquis may graciously marry her. The French do not tolerate Jewish heroines in a modern novel. Then there will be (3) the romantic lover, poor but proud, with an authentic "de" and a mighty contempt for the commercial classes—in fact, the young marquis aforesaid. He will save a village brat from drowning, just as his mistress is passing by in her pony-phaeton with the impassible domestic in the rumble, and when effusively thanked he will reply nobly, like Mr. Toole in the farce, "Oh, it's nothing." He will kill the villain in a duel,

wherein he shows himself a paragon of cold-blooded etiquette, and ultimately he will consent to marry the heroine with a parade of haughty condescension for which any girl of spirit would box his ears. Again, we shall have (4) the *traitresse* of the melodrama, the wicked woman with flashing eyes and a taste for aromatic cigarettes, in whose evil presence the very dogs will snarl instinctively, as in a novel of Scott. "Clément voulut la faire taire, mais la bête, le poil hérissé, l'œil farouche, tournait autour de Manuela en grondant." These types, under various disguises, appear in every one of M. Ohnet's books. They belong, indeed, to the common stock of all novelists who give us second-hand romance instead of observation of actual life. There is not a "live" character to be found in "Nemrod et Cie," not a single fresh thought, not one stroke of wit, not one gleam of humour. It is all compact of complacent vulgarity of thought and expression, philistine views of life, and cheap chromolithographic substitutes for real art. But, once more, what of that? These are the qualities that command the largest market, and we are already in our thirty-first edition.

THE DRAMA.

"HADDON HALL"—"THE BELLS" REVIVED.

IT is a pity that the ancient practice of "sconcing," which still obtains at some of the more conservative of our universities, cannot be introduced into the playhouses. Sconcing is, of course, an academic survival of the primitive system of *tabu*. Certain topics—religion, politics, examination "shop," and so forth—are prohibited in hall, and he who touches on one of them forfeits a flagon of ale to the table. So the Cavalier and Roundhead epoch ought to be made a playhouse "scone." Treat it how you may, whether in the commonplace heroics of Mr. Wills's *Charles I.*, or in the fatuous melodramatics of Messrs. Sims and Buchanan's *White Rose*, it is bound to be tedious. Make it, as Mr. Sydney Grundy makes it in *Haddon Hall*, the medium for gibes at the parochial politics of 1892, and it becomes not only tedious, but disgusting. Mr. Grundy's procedure is all the more inexcusable in that it is gratuitous. He has transferred the original legend of *Haddon Hall* from the Elizabethan to the Cromwellian period—put forward the *Clock of Time* a century, as he admits in a footnote—for no better reason apparently than that there are Neo-Puritans among us to-day whom he dislikes and wishes to satirise. Now, if there is one theme more intolerably stale than the cheap contrast between roystering Royalist and sanctimonious Puritan, as these are invariably misrepresented in stage-history, it is the theme of our modern County Councillors and their so-called "fads" in regard to popular amusements. The topic has been so degraded by association with gutter journalism, so besmeared, as it were, with the beery circles of innumerable pint pots, that a fastidious man would hesitate to take hold of it with a pair of tongs. Yet here at the Savoy, which used to be nothing if not fastidious in its choice of subjects, we have Mr. Grundy positively revelling in this frowsy old theme. He even condescends to reproduce before a presumably refined and rational audience that vulgar and discredited bogey of the inferior music halls, "the MacDougall," bringing an unhappy buffoon on the Savoy stage to deliver himself of doggerel like this:—

My name it is McCrankie,
I am lean an' lang an' lanky,
I'm a Moody an' a Sankey
Wound upo' a Scottish reel;

I don't object tae whiskey,
But I say a' songs are risky,
An' I think a' dances frisky,
An' I've pit the fuitlichts oot!
I am the maist dogmatical,
Three-cornered, autocratical,
Funereal, fanatical,
O' a' the cranks aboot!

And the McCrankie's companions in buffoonery, dressed as stage Puritans, are made to discuss the land question, socialism, eight hours, and permissive legislation! It is melancholy to think that the theatre which for so many years, *consule Gilberto*, was the most noted in all London for its scrupulous observance of good taste, should be given up to such egregious rubbish as this. What makes one resent the stuff all the more indignantly is that it should come from so able and genial a writer as Mr. Sydney Grundy. That such lovable work—the adjective is, perhaps, too weak?—as the character-drawing in the *Pair of Spectacles*, and such detestable work—the adjective is surely not too strong?—as the "topical" allusions of *Haddon Hall*, should be produced by one and the same man is more than curious. This, indeed, is to be *ondoyant et divers*—in the wrong way. Now, if the academic custom I have mentioned had only been adopted in theatrical circles, all might have been well. Mr. Grundy would have begun to mention "the Purit—" or "the McDoug—" he would have been sternly interrupted with a shout of "sconce," and the flagon of ale would have gone round, to the general contentment. As it is, Mr. Grundy's book seems to me to be a clever man's blunder, a blunder only partly mitigated by the suavity, daintiness, (and occasional insipidity) of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music. Of the composer's score, however, it is no business of mine to speak.

Mr. Irving's revival of *The Bells* this week has almost coincided with the transfer of the original piece, *Le Juif Polonais* of Erckmann-Chatrian, from the little Cluny to the Théâtre Français, and it is significant of the difference of artistic level between the two capitals that, while the presentation of such a play as this at the first theatre in Paris has seemed to the French an audacity hovering on the outer edge of a public scandal, its performance at the first theatre in London is let pass as something quite normal, and altogether commendable. The plain truth is that at the Français there is still a literary tradition which is not lightly to be broken, whereas at the Lyceum we have all come to recognise that the play (except when it is one of Shakespeare's, and not always then) is not the thing. We do not go to the Lyceum to see *The Bells*, we go to see Mr. Irving as Burgomaster Mathias. This, no doubt, is a deplorable posture of affairs for those who still cling to the belief—now voted old-fashioned and pedantic—that the drama is primarily a part of literature, and only secondarily a vehicle for histrionic talent. But it has its compensations. Among them is this one: that, if the Lyceum were a great literary theatre, half the repertory in which Mr. Irving is seen at his best would have to go by the board. *The Bells* may be—nay, it is—an ill-written, impossible, nonsensical bit of work, a play which, as the French say, "does not exist"; but Mr. Irving's Mathias does exist, and remains, what it always has been, a fine specimen of acting in the flamboyant-romantic style. Note that the actor is wholly dependent on his own resources for whatever of subtlety, colour, or complexity there may be in the part. The authors have made Mathias an extremely, almost childishly, simple character. He is merely an ordinary innkeeper, with a taste for white wine, strong family affections, and an inability to resist temptation when, being pressed for money, he finds a chance of procuring it by an undetected murder. He has nothing of the mixed emotions of the murderer à la Dostoievsky, or even à la Shakespeare. He has not even common remorse: nothing but the animal instinct of self-preservation manifesting itself in a haunting dread of the gendarmes. "Un Macbeth rond comme une pomme et simple comme bonjour," as a French critic has said; "autrement dit, à peu près le contraire de Macbeth."

And yet Mr. Irving's Mathias is more interesting to us than his Macbeth. Why? Well, I think the actor handles these characters that are all of a piece, "ronds comme une pomme," more freely and firmly than the subtleties and complexities of Shakespearian

human nature: they give him better play for his own personality—always an interesting personality, remember, an extraordinary personality. For Mr. Irving is like Burke in Johnson's description: "Yes, sir; if a man were to go by chance at the same time with Burke under a shed, to shun a shower, he would say, 'This is an extraordinary man!' If Burke should go into a stable to see his horse drest, the ostler would say, 'We have had an extraordinary man here.'" So with Mr. Irving: he has a touch of the *ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν*. Hence it is that he is often so good in plays that are bad. He gets the opportunity of abounding in his own sense, of making of his own extraordinary personality, with the help of the exaggeration which the stage demands, some stage figure still more extraordinary. His Mathias thus becomes an extraordinary man, a lurid, volcanic—I must once again be allowed my pet word—flamboyant person, who in real life, were he not absolutely impossible, would puzzle, not to say terrify, the burgomaster's simple Alsatian neighbours. As we file out from the Lyceum, with the chink-chink-chink of the Polish Jew's sledge-bells still in our ears, we say, with Johnson's ostler, "We have had an extraordinary man here."

A. B. W.

AN AUTUMN OUTING.

I KNOW a village of old time; it lies in careless old-fashioned rural simplicity just beyond the life of London. It dreams its urbane bucolic dream lying at length facing flat fields, intersected with slight and broken hedges adorned with the eternal elms of our English landscape; wide white roads circle about it; and all unmindful of ominous notice-boards announcing land to let for building, it slumbers on, wrapped in an old-time dream, out of which the rattle and the rumble of the stage-coach has not yet wholly died. The gardens of its villas are dark with cedars; hollyhocks, Michaelmas daisies, and sunflowers grow in the cottage gardens.

As we advance up the wide casual street and come upon the Greyhound Inn, set at the back of an open space, visions of the picturesque stage-coach—the ostlers running from the stables, queerly costumed passengers drinking in hot haste—come upon us, faint, strange, and melancholy, like an old engraving. Yes, like an old engraving; and the house, its parlour, its dust and its lumber, are to us like a portfolio of old engravings; we hardly see the belated bicyclist, the forlorn and modern barmaid; hard chops and indifferent beer do not suffice to disperse our visions of inveigling hoops, mock-modesty, ceremonious bows, and long riding-coats; and this eighteenth century of old engravings persists in our thoughts as we walk through the soft afternoon, the autumn-gleaming fields showing between the trunks of a long avenue of elms. Then gradually out of these unrealities imaginary there arises consciousness of the real artificiality of our own lives, and each reproaches the other of insincerity and broken promises.

"If you had been true to me, I never should have thought of anyone but you."

"In my heart I have always been faithful to you. Of all the women I have ever known you are the best and sweetest."

"Then why did you leave me?"

"It was not my fault; you know that," etc.

Such conversation is the natural inspiration of the long wistfulness of autumn fields, and our reveries are unduly prolonged. On the rough farm-gate we linger, thinking of our futile selves, almost forgetful of the Rubens, the Velasquez, the Veroneses, and the long line of lovely gems from Holland which hang in the silent little gallery, placed so circumspectly in a corner of the garden under grave college walls. For the sake of the art stored in this little gallery, two lovers of long ago have come from London on one autumn afternoon. But the wistful-

ness of autumn detains them, and they linger in the soft avenue of elms, dreaming a past which is pleasant to dream, which both love to dream, and each trembles lest the other should be stupidly tempted to break the spell of the hour's sentiment; and the hush of the avenue is only stirred by their voices railing languidly against the shallowness and the falseness of life.

"You said that your love would always endure; lovers always say so," she says with a sigh in which there is exquisite and erudite regret. "Ah, if you had only been true to me!"

"And you, if you—"

"Let us go to the gallery. I will not weary you with many pictures, but there is one that you'll find in harmony with your present mood. Life is, as you say, an affected little dream. I would show you life in that light—in the light you are disposed to see it in."

"No, no. You would show me some cynical Watteau: a shepherd, decked with ribbons, speaking belated nothings in the comely ear of a coy shepherdess in hooped skirts and buckled shoes. I hate such falseness. My dream is for one of the villas that we saw as we came from the station; to expect my husband by a certain train, and to say to him, 'Well, dear, what were they doing in the office to-day?'"

"We will think of the villa and the husband afterwards. Now you must see 'A Ball under the Colonnade,' the most beautiful Watteau in the world. It hangs there; you can see from here the doorway of the gallery—that grey stone doorway overgrown with Virginian creeper."

"This green avenue is pleasanter than a picture-gallery. But 'A Ball under the Colonnade' sounds rather nice. Tell me about it. I shall enjoy your description more than the picture."

Then you must imagine a small picture, about two and a half feet by two, peopled with nearly seventy figures, no one of which is taller than your white forefinger. These ladies and gentlemen wear beautiful, fantastic costumes, and each is fulfilling to perfection his and her part in love's delicious comedy—or, shall I say, masquerade? The greater number are grouped in regular line immediately under the colonnade—an exquisite piece of architecture, adorned with dark green pillars and caryatides. The musicians, seated above this line of guests, are lost sight of in a background of foliage, through which appears the angle of another colonnade. The line of guests, drawn up in such symmetrical row, is full of the ceremonious life and grace of the ball. Love is proceeding there in whispered avowals and gentle interbreathings. We wonder who is that lady in white satin. Not the crude white satin of our ball-rooms, for a shadow has transformed the satin to soft dissolving greys; and deep in the brown shadow about her we perceive a lady in sapphire-blue and a gentleman in a carmine-coloured cloak. I remember, too, a delicate little lady in yellow-pink; her legs are crossed; she holds her fan to her lips and looks down, sentimentally considering the young man who tells of his *grande passion*. The young man leans out of a picturesque shadow and whispers tender addresses. There is also a delicious little figure in brown, who seems—but perhaps it is only on account of the colour of her dress—more serious than her companions. She toys with a fan, but the gesture is more meditative. She is clearly pleased with the courtship of the young man who pleads almost at her feet, and she inclines her comely little ear to his solicitations. Does she believe him? Does he mean what he is saying? Vain questions. His pleading is part of the entertainment, and he plays his part no better and no worse than the other twenty gallants that surround him. Hardly is there a single kiss in the picture, avowals everywhere, here and there the pressure of a hand quickly withdrawn. If a kiss is snatched at all it is among the half-recumbent groups high up in the picture, where the figures are not so tall as your tiny little finger, among those gallants who

drink to their loves in slender glasses and call for fruit to the pages who are running to and fro. Fans, strains of low music—”

“But where are the dancers?”

“Only two are dancing. The lady stands in the middle of the picture; her back is turned to the spectator, and she is dressed in a striped Pompadour dress. The gentleman, in a beautiful blue-green costume, advances towards her, executing, no doubt, the principal steps in the evolutions of some stately gavotte or minuet. The group of guests on the left is less symmetrically arranged than that on the right. But here, as well as yonder, love's delicious comedy—or, shall I say masquerade?—is being played, with exactly the same spirit and with the same grace. Fans and words of love (*beaucoup de petits vers et pas une seule grande passion*); and yet the painter, principally by his own extraordinary delicacy in the arrangement of the light and shade, has avoided even a suspicion of monotony. The exceeding regularity of the line of the first group is broken up by masses of shadow; the second group is more scattered, the execution is simpler, and the light being on the figures, the colour is more brilliant. And then, what balances and enfolds the composition is the garden, a formal garden, where a fountain showers among the dim green trees, keeping the dreamy birds awake in the branches.”

“That is a pretty idea. The picture must be very beautiful.”

“It is, indeed. There are greater pictures, but there is nothing so perfect. Study it as closely as you please, examine the drawing and the colour, and as hypercritically as you like, you shall turn away from it unable to suggest a fault or an imperfection. Come and see the picture.”

A few steps take us to the gallery; but she knows her taste better than I know it, and the pictures are to her what has been tiresome in the day. For all the while we remain there we are oppressed with a sense of separation in thought and sentiment. But once again in the open air we reassume our affection for one another, and our talk is at once as sincere, as false, and as delightful as that of the ladies and gentlemen at the ball under the colonnade. We grow sad as we think of the lonely old age that awaits us, and we reflect how charming it would be in years to come if we both lived in this village, one at one end and the other at the other—two villas with gardens and cedars. And we ask for the keys of one of the villas that is announced as to let, and wandering through its empty rooms we elaborated plans for our future lives. In the morning we shall frequently go for walks together, and each shall dine with the other three times a week. We even speculated on what the neighbours will say: “A couple of old friends who might have married years ago, and been happy, but who waited until it was too late.”

And with this vision of the failure in mind—a fairy tale suitable for grown-up people—we return to London. When we say good-bye our eyes are full of tenderness. A most happy day we spent. When shall we see each other? we ask. Soon, we hope. As she turns to go I think there is something in the movement of head and neck that remind me of the sweet little woman in the brown dress, who flirts so ficticiously in the Dulwich Gallery.

G. M.

THE WEEK.

SMALL inaccuracies are as annoying as great ones where a great man is concerned. MR. LAURENCE HUTTON in the second part of his “Collection of Death-masks,” writing of the mask of SIR WALTER SCOTT, says, “It was this dome-like feature of SCOTT's head which inspired one of his jocular friends in Edinburgh to hail him once, when he dragged himself up the stairs of the Session House with his hat in his hand, as ‘Peveril of the Peak.’” The

incident referred to happened inside the Outer House, not on any stairs. The suggestion in “dragged himself up” is beside the mark, as at the time there was no shadow of turning either in SCOTT's health or his wealth; and his movements were brisk, in spite of his lameness. There was no need for SCOTT to have his hat in his hand in order to be bare-headed. In one of the intervals of his duty as Clerk of Session his tall conical white head was observed by PATRICK ROBERTSON, afterwards LORD ROBERTSON, advancing above the crowd in the Outer House towards the fireplace, where the usual roar of fun was going on among the briefless. Said ROBERTSON, “Hush, boys, here comes old Peveril—I see the Peak.” SCOTT's retort on being informed of the joke by LOCKHART, was, “Ay, ay, my man, as weel Peveril o' the Peak ony day, as Peter [diminutive for Patrick] o' the Painch.”

MR. HUTTON's second article is even more interesting than his first. It contains what may very well be reproductions of the life-mask of WORDSWORTH, taken by HAYDON in 1815, and of a mask which MR. ERNEST COLERIDGE and MR. HUTTON believe to be a cast of the features of the author of “The Ancient Mariner.” The mask of JEREMY BENTHAM is like that of a heathen Chinee. People of weak nerves should not look at the mask of SHERIDAN. The difficulty of judging the meaning of the expression of a mask appears in MR. HUTTON's notes on that of SWIFT. SIR WALTER SCOTT found this mask “unequivocally maniacal.” SIR WILLIAM WILDE, on the other hand, declared the expression to be “remarkably placid.”

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES is very entertaining in “What I saw of the Paris Commune” (*Century*). Wonderful how lightly one can touch on dreadful things when there is a necessity for picturesque and entertaining copy.

THERE is a very pleasant illustrated article in *Good Words*, “In the Laureate's Footsteps,” by one GEOFFREY WINTERWOOD—surely a *nom de plume*. This magazine is very capable on occasion of belying its name. MR. AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, in his first article on MRS. DUNCAN STEWART, quotes with evident satisfaction ALBANY FONBLANQUE'S remark on LADY MORGAN, “She is just a spark of hell-fire, and is soon going back to her native element.” We await with interest the remainder of MR. HARE'S memories of this charming lady—MRS. DUNCAN, not the spark from the abyss—who died so recently; and who, in her early years, was detected “at the end of the terrace making WASHINGTON IRVING believe he is God Almighty,” and convincing him of it.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK will publish LORD CHARLES BRUCE's account of the most important works in the Althorp Library. It will be a quarto volume of about three hundred pages, with numerous illustrations and fac-similes, and will be called “Treasures of the Althorp Library: the Origin and Development of the Art of Printing Illustrated by Examples from the Collection of Earl Spencer.”

AMONG the principal novelties in MESSRS. A. D. INNES's forthcoming publications is a series entitled the “Dainty Books,” headed by a volume by MRS. WALFORD. Other contributors to this series, which takes its name from its size and form, will be MISS ROMA WHITE and MRS. L. T. MEADE.

NEXT week MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will publish a new volume of poems by MR. GEORGE MEREDITH, to be called “The Empty Purse.” “Odes to the Comic Muse,” “To Youth in Memory,” and “Verses” are the titles of the other contents.

ONE of the three stories in M. GUY DE CHARNACÉ's "Expiation"—that called "Elles et Nous"—is announced by the author to be a reply to GUY DE MAUPASSANT'S "Notre Coeur." It must be the "reply courteous," which amounts really to no reply, for the hero of "Elles et Nous" behaves exactly like a hero of DE MAUPASSANT'S, and carries on a number of love affairs simultaneously.

M. JOSEPH REINACH has collected in "Le XIX^e Siècle" a number of the best articles written by EDMOND ABOUT between 1872 and 1885. Such a volume was necessary for a representative edition of ABOUT'S works. M. REINACH writes an introduction of great ability, in which ABOUT lives again in all his many aspects. In the volume itself he is the political journalist only; but it is amazingly readable considering the ephemeral nature of the writing.

THE thirty-second volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" extends from LAMBE to LEIGH. MR. LESLIE STEPHEN writes of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR; PROFESSOR J. W. HALES of LANGLAND and LAYAMON; PROFESSOR GARDINER of LAUD; and MR. ESPINASSE of LAW, the financier.

THOSE who have cared to know more of the life of ANGELICA KAUFFMANN than is contained in MISS THACKERAY'S story, "Miss Angel," which appeared a number of years ago in *Cornhill*, have had to seek for information at foreign sources. Now the English reader will find a complete biography in "Angelica Kauffmann," by FRANCES A. GERARD, published in a well-printed and illustrated volume by MESSRS. WARD & DOWNEY.

SINCE COLERIDGE and LAMB at the beginning of this century claimed for FULLER a foremost place in English literature, his name has been one to swear by among all cultured classes; but the great extent of FULLER'S works has made it impossible for any but the favoured few to acquire anything like a familiar acquaintance with them as a whole. DR. JESSOPP intends his "Wise Words and Quaint Counsels of Thomas Fuller" (Clarendon Press) as a convenient treasure-house for such as may wish to form some estimate of FULLER'S genius, and who have not the time to give to a general survey of his voluminous and very unequal writings.

TO MR. WALTER SCOTT'S "Scott Library" has been added "Selections from Sydney Smith," edited by MR. ERNEST RHYS. The "Life of Voltaire," by MR. FRANCIS ESPINASSE, is the latest addition to the same publisher's "Great Writers" series.

THE new issue of the "Golden Treasury" series is MR. GUSTAVE MASSON'S "La Lyre Française," making the tenth edition of this admirable selection.

A MANUAL on the drama is announced for publication in November by BRENTANOS. The author is MR. T. W. PRICE, play-reader at Palmer's Theatre, New York, and for a long time a dramatic critic. The title of the work will be "The Technique of the Drama: a Statement of the Principles Involved in the Value of Dramatic Material, in the Construction of Plays, and in Dramatic Criticism." This is a good sample of the compendious title, comprising index and preface.

THE new volume of MESSRS. HENRY & Co.'s "Whitefriars Library" will consist of short stories by MR. WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK, and will be published simultaneously in England and America under the title of "King Zub."

WE are well pleased at handling a new edition of MR. WALTER PATER'S "Marius the Epicurean." Vitality in a book of this sort is a grateful thing. This is the third edition, and "Sixth Thousandth" is printed on the title-page. "Sixth Thousandth," we hope, may be taken to mean at least sixty thousand readers—a fair audience for "Marius the Epicurean" as the reading world wags just now. For the book asks a certain mood in the reader, and, behind that, somewhat of that condition of the intellect which is commonly described as culture. The subject-matter certainly cannot be alluring to everybody, and the delicate force of the style requires for its proper enjoyment some skill in the judgment of words and phrases, some trained and sympathetic connoisseurship in the matter of tones and idiom, and much regard for those "secrets of utterance, of expression itself," through which, and through which alone, a certain kind of literary artist cares to impress himself upon his reader. Clearly, however, MR. PATER has got home to a fairly numerous public, and this is a circumstance upon which that public may be congratulated at least as cordially as MR. PATER himself. For there is assuredly no element of the meretricious in the success of such a work as "Marius the Epicurean." The common voice to-day is not for books like this, and for "Marius" to have been taken almost immediately at something like its proper value, and to have maintained its place in the regard of a public that prefers concrete impressions to the abstractions of imaginative letters, is matter at once for surprise and gratulation.

BOOK-CANVASSING is generally looked on as the most inferior of genteel occupations. The public have more respect for footmen and commissioners. In the case of the latter it is comprehensible; they are mostly army men who have stood fire. Why footmen, who, at the best, have attained to one poet and publisher, should rank in popular esteem above book-canvassers, it would be difficult to say. As a matter of fact, book-canvassing, if we may quote a recent writer, seems to be the least despicable *pis aller* in the list. Three of the greatest men of modern times were book-canvassers. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, when a poor lieutenant, took the agency for a work entitled "L'Histoire de la Révolution." In the *foyer* of the Louvre may be seen to-day the Emperor's canvassing outfit, with the long list of subscribers he secured. GEORGE WASHINGTON, when young, canvassed in Virginia, and sold over 200 copies of a work entitled "Bydell's American Savage"; and BISMARCK, in his student days, spent a vacation canvassing for one of BLUMENBACH'S handbooks. Many notable Americans were book-canvassers. DANIEL WEBSTER paid his second term's tuition at Dartmouth by handling "De Tocqueville's America" in Merrimac County, New Hampshire; GENERAL GRANT canvassed for "Irving's Columbus"; and MARK TWAIN, JAY GOULD, JAMES G. BLAINE, and R. B. HAYES, all sold books by subscription.

THE recent announcement that, at the Universal Paris Exposition to be held in 1900, it is proposed to exhibit a gigantic telescope which will magnify the moon to such an extent that she will appear as if only one metre distant, has already been the subject of much discussion. Laying aside the difficulties of construction, and assuming that such a telescope is in existence, will our knowledge of the moon's surface be greatly increased? The answer to this question depends simply on the fact that we possess an atmosphere. With our largest telescopes it is only very seldom that the highest magnifying powers can be used, for the air is always in a more or less unstable condition, being interlaced with currents both warm and cold. There is no

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

evidence that with such a telescope as is proposed we should be very much better off, for if it could be used at all, opportunities would be very few. Even on the best nights the images would never be still—one would view the object as if through a stream of running water. M. CAMILLE FLAMMARION has made a suggestion which will be emphatically backed by all astronomers. He proposes that a telescope should be built, not like the one under consideration, but of greater aperture than the largest that at present exists, and further that it should be placed in some region where clear skies are the rule, and the air pure. This is really practicable, and we hope that due consideration will be given to it, for large telescopes are by no means numerous, and their value has only quite recently been again demonstrated.

AMONG the deaths recorded since our last issue are those of the MARCHIONESS OF ABERGAVENNY; the PRINCESS BATTHYANY-STRATTMANN; DR. G. D. LONGSTAFF (in his ninety-fourth year), physician, and one of the founders of the Chemical Society; DR. GEORGE GRUB, the Scottish historian, antiquarian, and lawyer; GENERAL JOHN POPE, an old American officer, and successively commander of the Armies of the Mississippi and Virginia; SIR THOMAS COCKBURN CAMPBELL, Speaker of the Legislative Council of Western Australia; SIR WILLIAM RITCHIE, Chief Justice of the Canadian Supreme Court; PRINCE FRANÇOIS OF BOUREON, Count of Trapani; and MULAI, Grand Cherif of Wazan, cousin of the Emperor of Morocco and his probable destined successor, and reputed nearest descendant of MOHAMMED.

THE OPPOSITION TO THE NEW GERMAN ARMY BILL.

BERLIN, September 27th.

GENERAL uneasiness is prevailing in Germany, and there can be no doubt that the coming Parliamentary Session will be a stormy one, leading to events which must have grave consequences. In order to understand fully the state of affairs, we must look a little back. Even the staunchest admirers of the late Chancellor admitted that the constitution of the Empire was made to his measure—"Faite par un seul homme pour un seul homme," as a French Diplomatist said. This was proved by his retirement. He had created a state of things which could not last. But when he had left, the concentration of all power on one spot remained and revolved to the Emperor, who was determined to be his own Chancellor. At first all went well: the reforms strenuously resisted by Bismarck, such as the withdrawal of the Socialist law, the reform of the administration of rural communities, of the income-tax and the commercial treaties, met with general approval. But the crisis of the Educational Bill proved that there was not the same determined will in the centre of Government which formerly reigned supreme. The same sovereign who a few months ago had written in the album of the city of Munich "Regis voluntas suprema lex," and who even in February had made a proud speech inviting the grumblers to withdraw from German soil, shrunk back before the noisy agitation of a small minority. The objectionable clauses in that Bill might have been amended in committee, but he withdrew it altogether; this, whilst the Government had identified itself with the measure in the strongest terms, and was sure of a majority in both Houses, was a pernicious stroke upon its authority in general. Encouraged by this easy victory, the leaders of the Opposition now believed that they had only to threaten in order to intimidate the Government, and it was only this defeat which made Bismarck believe that he could overthrow his successor. So, after the reconciliation comedy had not succeeded, he undertook his journey, which was, in fact, a rising in arms against the Emperor. Surrounded and

hailed by the very people who once had been the leaders in the Kulturkampf, the former champion of monarchy declared that the dynastic policy ought to be replaced by a national one, and that it would be dangerous to establish an absolute power in the centre of Europe. Nay, he who had thundered in the Reichstag against Parliamentary encroachments now regretted that he had perhaps gone too far in fortifying the prerogatives of the Crown. Severely as this conduct must be condemned, showing anew, as it does, that his aims are, as they always were, merely personal, it cannot be denied that this campaign has damaged the Government, whose faults he turned to his use. The more necessary, therefore, was it for the Ministry to come forward with measures which would refute his accusations; and at first it was believed that such would be the case.

The Finance Minister, Herr Miguel, who had successfully carried the reform of the income-tax, declared his intention to complete it by a property-tax of $\frac{1}{2}$ p. mille, so that he would then be able to abandon the produce of the land, house, and trade taxes to the local communities. This measure, however it may be criticised in its details, is certainly a sound one, and will probably pass; but a heavy stumbling-block has been thrown in its way by the announcement of a proposed vast increase of the army. It is an old demand of the Liberal party that the time of service for the infantry should be reduced from three to two years, but the Government, supported by the Conservatives, would never hear of it, on the ground that it would lower the quality of the army. Quite recently the Emperor was reported, on good authority, to have said that he preferred a smaller but well disciplined army to a large crowd, and it was asserted that plans of military reform were adjourned. Shortly afterwards an inspired paper said that the introduction of the two-years' service was indeed contemplated, but on condition of an increase of the army corresponding to the growth of the population. How much that would be was left in the dark, but now the *Post*, generally well informed in military matters, has revealed that the proposed increase will be 95,000 men; that is, one-fifth of the present strength, and that, besides, the two-years' service is not to be legally fixed but is only to have a trial.

The excitement produced by this statement is the more natural when it is considered that since the first Septennate of 1875 the contingent has been raised three times, altogether by 85,000, so that with the proposed increase the additions would amount to 180,000. And the consequence of this enormous blood-tax would involve a corresponding new expense, which the *Post* calculates at 100 millions per annum and 50 millions extraordinary outlay. The question, of course, arises, how such a vast sum can be raised. It could only be done by a strong increase of indirect taxation, but salt, sugar, and customs cannot be thought of—salt, because it is an article of primary necessity; sugar, because the new consumption-tax has only just now come into force, and the customs are mostly fixed by the commercial treaties. So there remain only brandy, beer, and tobacco. But the introduction of the higher Bavarian malt-tax in Northern Germany would only yield about 24 millions, and an increased tax on tobacco and brandy can never cover the other 76 millions. Besides, although undoubtedly the wealth of Germany is larger now than ten years ago, the present time of stagnation in industry and commerce is certainly not favourable for new and heavy burdens upon the bulk of the population.

It is, therefore, not astonishing that no party is favourable to the intended Military Bill. The Liberals are unanimously against it; the Conservatives impugn it on account of the introduction of the two-years' service, and also because they fear the raising of the brandy tax by which the landed proprietors would certainly lose the privileges which they hitherto have enjoyed. The Centre Party is still silent, and it is said that General Caprivi will

buy its consent by concessions to the Catholics; but one is at a loss to conceive what these concessions can be, as the Chancellor declared last year that he would never agree to a repeal of the Jewish law. Besides, the leaders of that party have to consider that their electors are also tax-payers, and at the last increase of the army Windthorst declared that with this vote the limit of military expenses was reached, which could henceforth not be overstepped.

Taking all in all I cannot see how the Government will be able to get a majority for realising their plan, and a dissolution would produce a still more unfavourable result. The necessary consequence of a defeat would be the resignation of General Caprivi, who has identified himself with the measure, and as I hear there are already speculations rife about his successor. The choice would probably be between the Prussian Minister-President, Count Eulenburg who is a good Home Secretary but has no experience in foreign affairs, and Count Hatzfeld, our Ambassador at London, who is a consummate diplomatist, but has never troubled himself with internal affairs.

X.

AT THE SUBLIME PORTE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, September 24th, 1892.

WOE to the unhappy traveller who wishes to visit Constantinople, or to leave it for any part of the Sultan's dominions. We are shut in on every side by quarantines. Whether we come or go by steamer, by train or by horse, it is all the same. Days of detention, medical inspection, disinfection by hot steam, living in tents or huts amid crowds of vagabonds in land quarantines, or, if fortunate, detained on shipboard.

Once inside the magic circle, if we have no desire to leave it, we can rest in security and sympathise with the Sultan, who would no doubt be very glad to prolong this state of things to the end of his reign, especially if he could render it equally difficult for news to get in and out of his Empire. So far as we can learn there is no cholera in any part of the Turkish Empire, except a very few cases on the Russian frontier. Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, and Roumania are free from it. There is no cholera in Odessa, and very little anywhere about the Black Sea. I do not think that we have anything to fear this year, and the quarantine regulations seem excessive; but the Turks, no doubt, remember the origin of the great epidemic of 1865, when nearly one-tenth of the people of Constantinople died of cholera. This was not the official report; but I personally investigated the number of burials in several quarters of the city, and I am satisfied that this is a fair estimate. The cholera at that time was brought to Constantinople from Alexandria on a Turkish man-of-war, the captain of which was dying of consumption. He had an irresistible desire to reach his home, and forced the surgeon to give a false statement at the health office at the Dardanelles. The ship came into port with ten cases of cholera on board. They were put into the hospital at the arsenal, and seven days later cholera broke out in that quarter of the city. Seven days later still it appeared in other quarters to which the people had fled from Kassim Pacha. Greece, which maintained a strict quarantine, was the only country in this part of the world which was not ravaged by the disease. I have seen three serious cholera epidemics in Constantinople, and at least five other years when we have been threatened with it, but have escaped, and I was satisfied that a perfect quarantine is an absolute defence, and that an imperfect one is much better than none. Just so far as it is efficient, it prevents the spread of the disease.

Whatever may be true of a country with the commercial relations of England, there is no doubt about the value of quarantine in Turkey.

We have, however, other things to think about in Constantinople than cholera. The city has been

full of disquieting rumours during the past week in regard to the wholesale deportation of Ulema and Softas which has just taken place. Of the fact there is no doubt. A number, variously estimated at from one to three thousand, have been suddenly sent into the provinces and, it is said, drafted into the army. The official explanation is so unsatisfactory that no one accepts it, and the general belief is that some kind of a plot against the Sultan was discovered among them. It will be remembered that, at the time of the fall of Abdul Aziz, the Softas, of whom there were then 40,000 in the city, took the most active part in the revolution, and they have been held in suspicion ever since. They are theological students and the Ulema are their teachers. Most of them, however, become Softas simply to escape the conscription, and as they do very little in the way of study they are easily drawn into revolutionary movements. It is probable that some such movement has been discovered by the secret police, and is the real reason for this action on the part of the Sultan.

Another source of anxiety is the return of M. Nelidoff, the Russian Ambassador, who is already on his way. We are interested to know how he is to follow up the letter of the Czar, which took the Sultan to task for receiving M. Stambouloff, "the head of an illegal and revolutionary Government." It was an extraordinary letter for the Czar to write after the failure of the Russian and French diplomacy to prevent the interview, and we wait to see whether M. Nelidoff is instructed to present some kind of an ultimatum on the subject of Bulgaria—a country through which he seems unwilling to pass, even *incognito*, as he is coming by way of Nisch and Salonica.

The Armenian Question also still excites considerable interest. There is an impression among the Armenians that the change of Government in England opens the way for a successful revolutionary movement in Armenia and Asia Minor, and there are those who are mad enough to believe that a day has been fixed—some two weeks hence—when this revolution is to break out, and that Mr. Gladstone is pledged to support it.

Although this is supreme folly, it is not certain that evil may not come out of it. So far as I understand, the present Government has no more sympathy with revolution than that of Lord Salisbury. But it is interested in seeing good and just government in Turkey, and will no doubt use its influence, in a friendly way, to secure a more just and national treatment of the Armenians. The true policy of the Sultan at this moment would be to forestall any action on the part of England by a serious attempt to improve the situation himself, and at least undertake a genuine and serious investigation into the best way of removing present difficulties. As things now are, both the Turks and Armenians are acting in such way as to increase and multiply these difficulties every month.

A RESTLESS SPIRIT.

JOB was lingering in the church square by the almshouses. A climbing damask rose covered one side of the house opposite the church tower; some long, unpruned branches waved above the tiled roof, and caught the slanting rays of the afternoon sun. The blossoms on them were of a lovely transparent red, like a flame, and the boy could smell their rich sweet scent from the tombstone on which he sat, which was a tribute to the power of the odour, for as a general rule Job had no nose either for good or for ill. An old woman, the inmate of the almshouse, was talking to him, leaning against the jamb of the doorway.

"You come from t'other side of Suffolk, you say? There's a mort of things then for you to see in Milbury. Been in the church? That's where cold

Harry South lie. He hev been laid there for moor than two hundred and fifty year, he hev, but there's some as say he hev noo rest in his grave, noohow. He lived at Farlingay Hall, on the way to Edmundstow; he had mighty possessions, he had, but that did not content him. He took the commons from the people, did oold Harry South; and, after that, he couldn't get noo rest. One day he happened on a boy carrying a dinner in a basket, and he say, 'What hev you there, bread and meat?' And the boy didn't know it were oold Harry South, and he say, 'No,' he say, 'tis bread. For now that oold roogue Harry South hath taken away our commons 'tis only bread we hev to our dinners.' When oold Harry South he hear that he wer pierced to the heart, and he goo home to Farlingay Hall, and in one o' the rooms that front the yard by the dove-house he cut his throat. The room were shet up ever after, until Lady South—she wer mother of the lady that live there now, she wer—come there more'n forty years ago, and I wer charwoman, and we set to scrub the floor, and there wer a great pool o' dried up blood that had stained the floor, and noo scrubbing could move it; they wer forced to cut it away. But the blood had eaten kind o' into the wood, and there the mark stay until the Judgment Day."

The sound of the kettle boiling recalled the old woman into her house. Job looked up and down the road, and finally, with a sigh, returned to his sheep by the market-cross, which was a sort of great wooden umbrella set in the centre of an irregular square of crooked gabled houses. Jack—a shaggy, grey sheep-dog with friendly eyes—had been keeping guard over the flock, while Job walked a little way up the London road to see if his master's son were coming. The lad had waited at Milbury during the best part of the day, hoping for his arrival, but the afternoon was wearing on, and he had now no choice but to start alone for a fourteen-mile walk to Edmundstow, where the sheep were due on the following morning. It would be impossible, since there were so many young lambs in the flock, to arrive there before night, and Job would be forced to spend the night on the road. Night to him began somewhere about nine o'clock, and lasted until four a.m., but it was then a time of the year when it is never quite dark. The prospect of spending the mystic hours upon "oold Harry South's" property was not cheering, since the old woman had hinted that he had "noo rest in his grave." But there still remained some hours of sunlight, and Job set out manfully along the straight dusty road that had a deep margin of grass, bordered on either side by fields that were milk-white with sweet Dutch clover, or pink with saintfoin. There were other wayfarers besides himself—labourers coming home from work, boys driving cows that had been milked at the farms, and were now returning to their rich pastures by the side of the slow stream, where the banks were beautiful with yellow flags and blue forget-me-not; and once a carriage with ladies, at whom Job stared with deliberation, impressed by one figure in particular—a tall woman with a white face and sad eyes. The cultivated fields grew scantier, and the grassy margins broadened, until Job and his bleating flock reached a great flat stretch of down-land, broken by pine woods, with an illimitable distance of down and pine and a horizon of rich intense blue, where the wood met the tranquil evening sky.

By this time the other wayfarers had departed, and a great stillness and loneliness seemed to have descended upon the earth. The twilight crept westward, darkening the east, and gradually drinking up the colours everywhere, turning yellow into white, and red into black. Hundreds of rabbits had come out of their holes, and were sitting up curiously as Job and his charges went slowly by; they were very bold, and it was only when the lad flung a stone at one that a company of them flashed their white tails and disappeared. Presently the dusky air was full of the sharp cry of the bats, swinging to and fro

after flies, and from the dark bars and clumps of wood came the distant hooting of owls.

A village lad leads a life of almost immutable custom. At this hour and season a country hamlet is alive with men and women and children. The village street that has been so silent and deserted all day is full of voices—men shouting to each other on their allotments, women standing talking on the green, and those children who have so far escaped the doom of bed flitting to and fro; while the sheep-dogs bark continuously, and the ducks and geese on the farm ponds quack and hiss. The loneliness of the down struck a chill into Job's very heart. The short grass was wringing wet with cool dew, and the sheep loitered to browse upon it; the little lambs were limping wearily, and Job resolved to make a halt as soon as he had passed out of a wood of pine and birch through which the white road lay. The pale stems of the birches shone strangely out of the black depths of the wood; overhead was stretched the great, serene breadth—broken here by the dark trees—of the starry sky; but the bright twinkling lights seemed too far off and too unknown to give Job any sense of company. The sickly, heavy smell of the flock, and of the cloud of dust that moved with it, had given way before the freshness of the night and the aromatic fragrance of the pines. But the lad was too much oppressed with the sense of the strangeness and the desolation to heed anything else. When he reached the heart of the wood, there, to the left, walking towards him from among the dark trees, came a stately figure in white, with a white hood shading a white face. White is the conventional colour of ghosts, as Job knew, and the boy gave a yell of terror. Without doubt, he had crossed the midnight path of "oold Harry South." He stayed for one moment, maimed by fright, while the hair stood up in a bristling line along Jack's backbone; in another second the boy would have taken to his heels. But a deep-toned voice called to him not to be frightened. "Surely," the woman said, "there is no need to be afraid of me." And as she came nearer Job recognised the pale face and sad eyes of the woman who had passed him in the carriage that afternoon. "Beg pardon, missus," Job said, when his parched tongue, which clove to the roof of his mouth, allowed him to speak. "I was wholly scared." "What did you think I was?" the lady asked; "a ghost—an unhappy, restless spirit?" The boy nodded. "Ah!" she cried, with a sad smile—a smile that only touched her lips and left her eyes unchanged—"an unhappy, restless spirit I am, but with a body."

To Job's mind an unhappy lady or gentleman presented an incongruity of a rare and remarkable kind. Plenty to eat and to drink, and leisure to devote to sport or to blissful idleness, seemed to him to ensure a Paradise upon earth. To be sure, illness and death assailed them as they did everybody else, but rich folk were hedged in by doctors and unknown luxuries and alleviations—"the best of everything to take to," as the phrase ran at Ash Soham—and if they did succumb they had grand and stately funerals that must minister unspeakable comfort to the mourners, by reason of the pomp and the lavish display of black; so that life was smoothed and adorned to the very end. But this lady was so evidently miserable that she excited Job's sympathy, which was chiefly expressed by his staring at her with his mouth open. She signed to the lad to sit by her on the trunk of a felled tree, and she began to talk in a disjointed way. Job understood little of her meaning, but the deep plaintive voice and the melancholy eyes—eyes of a subtle mixture of grey and green, like a troubled northern sea—held his attention.

"I am haunted," she said, "haunted by all the misery and the poverty that there is in other lives. Why should I be clothed and fed when they go bare and want bread? Why should I live in a palace of ease while they swarm in cellars and hovels? I never knew it, I never dreamt of such things until

my eyes were opened once in London, and I saw. . . . I saw the wretched drunken men—and the women, poor degraded creatures who sell themselves for food and for tawdry finery, while I"—and she held up her hands to show the glittering rings on her slender fingers and the diamond bracelets on her wrists—"I am hedged from every breath of evil, and am told it belongs to my station to wear such things as these. What can I do for them? There is a gulf set between them and me; my hands cannot reach them. I don't speak their language, nor they mine. They say it would do more harm than good if I gave them all that I have. Yet who was it that said, 'Sell that thou hast and give to the poor?' Who was it? Ah! who can answer that? Was it a God, or only a poor ignorant man, like ourselves, groping in the dark, trying to solve the problems after his fashion?"

The light was now beginning to dawn in the calm wide sky; a chill air was moving in the little wood, and birds began to stir and to call to each other. A mouse-hunt, a pretty slender creature with a soft furry coat and cunning eyes, slipped across the path in front of them. The lady was silent a while, and then she went on, "The misery was always near me, but I never knew it. Do you know those prints (I have seen them in cottages) of Napoleon's grave at St. Helena? When you first see them you see nothing in them but the slab of stone and the willows; and then after you have looked a while, or when someone has shown it to you, you see the ghost of Napoleon between the willows; and when you have once seen that you can never see anything else in the print again. So it was with me. Now there is no other sight possible but the inequality of lives. It is always there before me—the misery, the unspeakable misery, of the inequality of lives."

She rose slowly, with a deep sigh, and turned with heavy steps to the wood. Job watched the tall bowed figure until it vanished among the trees, and then he set out again on his road.

It was about seven o'clock when the lad reached the outskirts of Edmundstow. An old labourer walking briskly behind him caught him up; the man had a piece of news upon his mind, and he told it to Job.

"The lady at Farlingay Hall hev taken her life," he said. "She were kind o' crazed, poor dare. They missed her last night, but they couldn't happen on her nohow. But this morn as the keeper come through Farlingay Wood he see her on the ground. He say she wer white as driven snow. Poor dare, poor dare! Ever since oold Harry South took the commons from the people the Souths fare to be out o' their right mind, kind o'. They say that's a curse that might be loosed if they gave back the commons to the people; but they're like the young man in the parable; they fare exceeding sorrowful, for that's a hard saying, that is."

C. F.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

WHY NOT TEST THE GOTHENBURG SYSTEM?

SIR.—I have always been, and am still, a strong supporter of the Local Option movement, albeit I believe that the teetotal promoters of that agitation will never get so sweeping a measure as they desire, nor have reason at the beginning of the new era to congratulate themselves on the working of the measure of enactment that Parliament approves. But whatever may be the prospects of the Local Option proposal, I would like to witness an experimental trial of the "Gothenburg system" in this country; and I write to suggest that one or more of our great Northern towns should undertake to test the plan by applying to Parliament, through its Municipal Corporation, for a Private Act conferring upon it power to apply the system within its own boundaries. My first thoughts upon the matter centred around a town like Newcastle or Sunderland—indeed, I suggested the idea to an influential citizen of the great borough on the Wear some weeks before THE SPEAKER began to ventilate the subject of Temperance Reform; but I have since remembered that Birmingham was virtually the birthplace of the Gothenburg project in this country, and no more favourable

town could be selected for an experimental test of the kind suggested. Will the English godfather of the system, Mr. Chamberlain, undertake to engineer such a private bill through Parliament next session?

National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, S.W.

W. H.

September 28th, 1892.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

SIR.—In your issue of the 3rd inst., under the heading "The Paralysis of the Stock Exchange," you say that "in the United States there is a feeling of great anxiety" . . . "and that the purchases of silver must soon be stopped or there will be a crisis."

As a business man in this city I am unaware of any "feeling of great anxiety." Of course, "crop scares," "silver scares," "tight money scares," "cholera scares," and so on *ad nauseam*, are, at intervals, "worked for all they are worth" by the "bears" to depress the speculative markets, just as new combination *à la Reading*, "good crops," "dividends in sight," "melon cutting," etc., etc., are put forth by the "bulls" to elevate them. So far as legitimate business is concerned the feeling is hopeful, in fact confident, with trade expanding in all lines.

While it is quite probable that our silver "experiment"—as you justly style it—may result, ultimately, in loss to the nation at large, certain it is that our people, without distinction of party, are determined that no individual, native or foreign, shall suffer because of it. Should gold command a premium for a few days or weeks, the evil consequences having been realised in every city and village of the land, as there are outstanding thousands of millions of indebtedness, public and private, payable, principal and interest, in gold, the people, with one voice, would demand the necessary relief.

That it could be afforded goes without saying, as the silver coin and paper could be funded into gold bonds, and these used as a basis for further bank-note circulation that any contraction of the currency might be avoided. The "greenback" and National Bank note having been circulating at par with gold since the resumption of specie payments in 1879, and the "National" notes having greatly contracted because of the payment of the national debt on which they are secured, the currency would thus be placed on a gold basis, and, I believe, be found free from redundancy. It is the knowledge that so simple and practical a solution exists, and the implicit confidence felt by our people in the integrity of the Government, whichever party may be in power, that causes surprise when we are told that we are on "the verge of an impending crisis."

The failure of our silver "experiment" has caused a strong revulsion in public sentiment in this country regarding silver, and it is entirely safe to prophesy that unless the International Monetary Conference shall lead to some practicable result in the way of International bi-metallism, the United States will "demonetise" silver. From our standpoint, the situation thus presents itself:—England has large interests in India, "The Straits," China, and other "silver countries"; our foreign investments are trivial. The United States silver issues, if funded—thus removing the possibility of trouble—would mean a relatively insignificant addition to the national debt when the wealth of the nation is concerned. Being the largest producers of silver, it is natural that we should desire its rehabilitation in its chief function, a money-metal. Is not England, the great investor in "silver countries," equally interested in reaching a result which will prevent the "panic fall in silver of which nobody can foresee the consequences" anticipated by you?—Very truly yours,

R. V. W. DUBOIS.
Reform Club, New York, September 16th, 1892.

WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING.

SO without saying a word we've parted,
Though that you loved me full well I knew:

Little you guess I am broken-hearted—

Little you think that I cared for you;

Vainly I looked in your face, and vainly

Felt my heart thrill when you touched my hand:

I was unable to speak more plainly—

You were unable to understand.

Why did you take all I said for certain,

When I so gleefully threw the glove?

Couldn't you see that I made a curtain

Out of my laughter to hide my love?

Didn't you know that your daily greeting

Sounded like music by angels planned?

Though to that measure my pulse was beating,

You were unable to understand.

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Wherefore my wonderful dream is over:

Finis is written on Fancy's scroll;

You are on desolate shores a rover—

I must in patience possess my soul.

What though my heart was a mark for Cupid—

What though our way lay through fairyland?

All availed nothing, since you—you stupid!—

You were unable to understand.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, September 30th, 1892.

A N ingenious friend of mine, who has collected a library in which every book is either a masterpiece of wit or a miracle of rarity, found great fault with me the other day for adding to my motley heap the writings of Mrs. Hannah More. In vain I pleaded I had given but eight shillings and sixpence for the nineteen volumes, neatly bound and lettered on the back. He was not thinking, so he protested, of my purse, but of my taste, and he went away, spurning the gravel under his feet, irritated that there should be such men as I.

I, however, am prepared to brazen it out. I freely admit that the celebrated Mrs. Hannah More is one of the most detestable writers that ever held a pen. She flounders like a huge conger-eel in an ocean of dingy morality. She may have been a wit in her youth, though I am not aware of any evidence of it—certainly her poem, "Bas Bleu," is none—but for all the rest of her days, and they were many, she was an encyclopaedia of all literary vices. You may search her nineteen volumes through without lighting upon one original thought, one happy phrase. Her religion lacks reality. Not a single expression of genuine piety, of heart-felt emotion, ever escapes her lips. She is never pathetic, never terrible. Her creed is powerless either to attract the well-disposed or make the guilty tremble. No naughty child ever read "The Fairchild Family" or "Stories from the Church Catechism" without quaking and quivering like a short-haired puppy after a ducking; but, then, Mrs. Sherwood was a woman of genius, whilst Mrs. Hannah More was a pompous failure.

Still she has a merit of her own, just enough to enable a middle-aged man to chew the cud of reflection as he hastily turns her endless pages. She is an explanatory author, helping you to understand how sundry people who were old when you were young came to be the folk they were, and to have the books upon their shelves they had.

Hannah More was the first, and I trust the worst, of a large class—"the ugliest of her daughters Hannah," if I may parody a poet she affected to admire. This class may be imperfectly described as "the well-to-do Christian." It inhabited snug places in the country, and kept an excellent, if not dainty, table. The money it saved in a ball-room it spent upon a greenhouse. Its horses were fat and its coachman invariably present at family prayers. Its pet virtue was Church twice on Sunday, and its peculiar horrors theatrical entertainments, dancing, and threepenny points. Outside its garden wall lived the poor who, if virtuous, were for ever curtsying to the ground or wearing neat uniforms, except when expiring upon truckle-beds beseeching God to bless the young ladies of The Grange or the Manor House, as the case might be.

As a book, "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife" is as odious as it is absurd—yet for the reason already assigned it may be read with a certain curiosity—

but as it would be cruelty to attempt to make good my point by quotation, I must leave it as it is.

It is characteristic of the unreality of Hannah More that she prefers Akenside to Cowper, despite the latter's superior piety. Cowper's sincerity and pungent satire frightened her; the verbosity of Akenside was much to her mind:—

"Sir John is a passionate lover of poetry, in which he has a fine taste. He read it [a passage from Akenside's 'Pleasures of Imagination'] with much spirit and feeling, especially these truly classical lines:—

"Mind—mind alone; bear witness, earth and heaven,
The living fountains in itself contains
Of Beauteous and Sublime; here hand in hand
Sit paramount the graces; here enthroned
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.

"The reputation of this exquisite passage," said he, laying down the book, "is established by the consenting suffrage of all men of taste, though, by the critical countenance you are beginning to put on you look as if you had a mind to attack it."

"So far from it," said I [Cœlebs], "that I know nothing more splendid in the whole mass of our poetry."

Miss More had an odd life before she underwent what she calls a "revolution in her sentiments," a revolution, however, which I fear left her heart of hearts unchanged. She consorted with wits, though always, be it fairly admitted, on terms of decorum. She wrote three tragedies, which were not rejected as they deserved to be, but duly appeared on the boards of London and Bath with prologues and epilogues by Garrick and by Sheridan. She dined and supped and made merry. She had a prodigious flirtation with Dr. Johnson, who called her a saucy girl, albeit she was thirty-seven; and once, for there was no end to his waggery, lamented she had not married Chatterton "that posterity might have seen a propagation of poets." The good doctor, however, sickened of her flattery, and one of the rudest speeches even he ever made was addressed to her.

After Johnson's death Hannah met Boswell, full of his intended book which she did her best to spoil with her oily fatuity. Said she to Boswell, "I beseech your tenderness for our virtuous and most revered departed friend; I beg you will mitigate some of his asperities," to which diabolical counsel the Inimitable replied roughly, "He would not cut off his claws nor make a tiger a cat to please anybody."

The most moving incident in Hannah More's life occurred near its close, and when she was a lone, lorn woman—her sisters Mary, Betty, Sally, and Patty, having all predeceased her. She and they had long lived in a nice house or "place" called Barley Wood in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and here her sisters one after another died, leaving poor Hannah in solitary grandeur to the tender mercies of Mrs. Susan, the housekeeper; Miss Teddy, the ladies' maid; Mrs. Rebecca, the housemaid; Mrs. Jane, the cook; Miss Sally, the scullion; Mr. Timothy, the coachman; Mr. John, the gardener; and Mr. Tom, the gardener's man. Eight servants and one aged pilgrim—of such was the household of Barley Wood!

Outwardly decorum reigned. Poor Miss More fondly imagined her domestics doted on her, and that they joyfully obeyed her laws. It was the practice at family prayer, for each of the servants to repeat a text. Visitors were much impressed, and went away delighted. But like so many other things on this round world, it was all hollow. These menials were not what they seemed.

After Miss More had heard them say their texts and had gone to bed, their day began. They gave parties to the servants and tradespeople of the vicinity (pleasing word), and at last, in mere superfluity of naughtiness, hired a large room a mile off and issued invitations to a great ball. This undid them. There happened to be at Barley Wood on the very night of the dance a vigilant visitor who had her suspicions, and who accordingly kept watch and ward. She heard the texts, but she did not go to bed, and from her window she saw the whole household, under cover of night, steal off to their promiscuous friskings, leaving behind them poor Miss Sally only, whose sad duty it was to let them in the next morning, which she duly performed.

Friends were called in, and grave consultations held, and in the end Miss More was told how she had been wounded in her own household. It was sore news; she bore it well, wisely determined to quit Barley Wood once and for ever, and live, as a decent old lady should, in a terrace in Clifton. The wicked servants were not told of this resolve until the actual moment of departure had arrived, when they were summoned into the drawing-room, where they found their mistress and a company of friends. In feeling tones Miss Hannah More upbraided them for their unfaithfulness, and—drove away. "You have driven me," said she "from my own home, and forced me to seek a refuge among strangers." There is surely something Miltonic about this scene, which is, at all events, better than anything in Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination."

The old lady was of course much happier at No. 4, Windsor Terrace, Clifton, than she had been at Barley Wood. She was eighty-three years of age when she took up house there and eighty-nine when she died, which she did on the 1st of September, 1833. I am indebted for these melancholy—and, I believe, veracious—particulars to that amusing book of Joseph Cottle's called "Early Recollections, chiefly relating to the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge during his long residence in Bristol."

I still maintain that Hannah More's works in nineteen volumes are worth eight shillings and sixpence.

A. B.

REVIEWS.

A. VETERAN AMBASSADOR.

THE DIPLOMATIC REMINISCENCES OF LORD AUGUSTUS LOFTUS, P.C.,
G.C.B. 1837-62. Two vols. London: Cassell & Co.

Lord Augustus Loftus looks back over a long and important period, during which he has served the Queen with straightforward honesty, intelligence, and discretion. He recalls his presentation to William IV. at Brighton, and his first appointment as unpaid attaché at the British Legation at Berlin on the very day of the Sailor King's death, and in the name of her present Majesty. He remembers being at a ball given by Prince Talleyrand in 1837, when the old diplomatist, with silvery locks and piercing eye, was wheeled in to see the cotillon danced. He knew Metternich well, and admired his "noble and generous disposition" and captivating charm of manner; but records this criticism of his statesmanship, "that he never progressed beyond 1815, and that he lived a hundred years too late." Lord Augustus Loftus has thus enjoyed the remarkable experience of entering upon his diplomatic career at a time when the famous Treaties of 1815 were still the code by which the European polity was ruled, and when the leading statesmen of the central European Powers were still

in the trammels of the Holy Alliance. It would have been second-sight to foresee even dimly the extraordinary changes that have come to pass since 1837, though in politics it is wise to follow the precept which the veteran Metternich committed to his Irish listener, "Mon cher, il ne faut *jamais* dire 'jamais.'" Hole after hole has been knocked in the sage arrangements of the Congress of Vienna and the Treaties of 1815, as Lord Augustus himself had to remind Count Buol, when the latter brought up the protocol of the ancient Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle as the authority on a debated point in the proposed Congress of 1859. The Austrian Foreign Minister had conveniently forgotten the annexation of Cracow by his own country in defiance of the time-honoured treaties whose authority he was invoking. At the same time Lord Augustus does not approve of the diminished respect enjoyed by solemn Acts and Treaties. He looks back somewhat regretfully to the time when the States of Europe could appeal to a definite code in vindication of their rights, the time when "right was might"; and is not at all convinced that we have improved upon the ancient motto by substituting "might is right," or in less offensive phraseology, *vox populi, vox Dei*. The veteran ambassador has also witnessed the demolition of the Crimean residuum, the Treaty of Paris, and it appears that he advised our Government to anticipate the action of Russia by volunteering to knock a hole through the Black Sea clause; but he shrewdly enough discerned the flimsy character of the Treaty of 1856, and knew that the holes were bound to come by mere wear and tear.

The reminiscences of a diplomatist whose experience covers so large and important a field could not fail to be of deep interest; and the manner in which they are written increases their value. Lord Augustus writes of *la haute politique* with the seriousness it deserves. He knows he is writing history, and he is resolved his evidence shall be true and earnest. There is nothing of the flippant tone of the dining-out attaché in these memoirs. There are not many good stories—though there are some of the first water. The book is not sparkling, as a rule, however, and those who look for the Malmesbury malice will be disappointed. A kindly, honest, truthful spirit pervades the work, and, if we sometimes miss the broad grasp of the situation which belongs to the historical instinct, we must remember that we are reading of recent events in which the writer took part; and that the man who is in the thick of the fray, though he can give a minute account of what is going on near him, often sees least of the general engagement. Some other hand will use these memoirs as evidence, and the main point about them will then be that they are obviously conscientious, and singularly devoid of prejudice. Lord Augustus never writes for effect, and never claims any personal merit for himself. Even when first the Vienna, and then the Berlin, Legation fell—or rather rose—from under his feet, by being promoted to the rank of Embassies, just at a time when the laws of seniority forbade their then occupier from rising with them from the status of Minister or Envoy to that of full Ambassador, all the ejected tenant did was to write humorously to Lord John Russell, "It is my misfortune to be the victim of Embassies, which spring up under my feet, apparently for the purpose of uprooting me"; and so he takes the lower seat at Munich without a murmur. So modest is the author of these memoirs that he will not even tell the public that his father was Marquis of Ely, and his references to Court favours and the gracious words and deeds of sovereigns to whom he was accredited are studiously brief and unassuming. In fine, these volumes are what the reminiscences of an ambassador should be. The only danger is that they may run to an inordinate length.

The two volumes now published include the period from 1837 to 1862; but the second volume

only covers the three years 1859-62. The external—that is, non-German—interest of the first volume centres in the negotiations which vacillated about the Crimean War; that of the second is the unification of Italy. Both volumes are naturally full of the gradual growth of the power of Prussia and the development of the Germanic Confederation into the German Empire—a point to be reached in a future instalment. Lord Augustus was chiefly in Germany during the years covered by these two volumes, and when he was not at Berlin or Stuttgart he was Envoy at Vienna; so the affairs of the German States occupy much of his attention. He knew Bismarck from the beginning, and tells the story of the dinner given in London by Baron Brünnow in 1861, when Bismarck said "that he should shortly be obliged to undertake the direction of the Prussian Government; that his first duty would be to re-organise the army; that he would then take the first best pretext to declare war against Austria, to dissolve the Germanic Diet, to overpower the middle and smaller States, and to give a national unity to Germany under the leadership of Prussia." He added, "I am come here to say this to the Queen's Ministers." Disraeli, who was present, remarked with his usual penetration, "Take care of that man; he means what he says." "In private life," writes the diplomatist, Bismarck was "genial, brilliant in conversation, and well versed in historical facts and anecdotes. He was difficult of approach; but when with him, it was as difficult to get away. His misfortune was to have an ungovernable temper, which greatly marred the other fine qualities of his character. . . . Had he possessed the calm and equable temperament of Count Moltke, his other qualities would have shone with greater lustre. In transacting business with him I found him extremely clear-sighted, seizing every point with remarkable lucidity, and always selecting the proper word when expressing himself in English. He was a good friend but a bitter enemy. He was haughty and arrogant in his manner, and unforgiving and vindictive towards those who opposed him. . . . I have always regarded him as hostile to England, however much he may occasionally have indulged in admiration of her. He was jealous of her naval supremacy, of her commercial wealth, and of the moral power she exercised in the world." Lord Augustus did not like Bismarck, nor did he approve of Cavour's emulation of his master Machiavelli; but his portraits of statesmen like these and many more, of colleagues, of doyens in diplomacy, such as Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Metternich, Nesselrode, and others, which are scattered through these interesting volumes, are full of character and kindly appreciation.

AN AMERICAN POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Arthur Latham Perry. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

TEN years ago, in an instructive article in the *Fortnightly Review*, Cliffe Leslie observed that "American political economy" was "in the main an importation from Europe," and he quoted from an economist of standing the candid avowal that his countrymen "had done nothing towards developing the theory" of the subject. These criticisms could be ascribed neither to ignorance nor to prejudice; and yet, were they now put forward, they would assuredly be treated as the product of one or other of these causes. But in the interval the complexion of affairs has greatly changed. It is not merely that American writers have offered positive contributions of merit to economic theory as well as valuable negative criticism, and that the study of economics, especially perhaps in its theoretical aspects, is vigorously pursued; but treatises which have gained repute in the United States are now, not infrequently, republished in England.

In this last respect the volume before us furnishes an illustration of a growing practice. Professor Perry, who occupies the chair of History and Political Economy in one of the American colleges, has, as he states in his preface, produced in varying shapes at different times during the last twenty-five years general treatises which have attained a wide circulation; and a simplicity of arrangement, combined with a lucid and vigorous style, and a copious and skilful employment of illustrations, has doubtless contributed to this result. In the present volume, after commencing with an examination of the term "value," which he—in common with many, and perhaps most, economic writers—regards as containing the kernel of economic theory, he proceeds in succeeding chapters to consider the three classes of "valuables," according as they fall under the head of "material commodities," or "personal services," or "commercial credits." The subject of commercial credits involves of necessity that of banking, and this conducts naturally to that of money. In his fifth chapter accordingly he deals with the subject of money, in the sixth with that of foreign trade, and in the seventh and last with that of taxation. The topic of foreign trade affords an opportunity, which he is evidently glad to use, of considering the fallacies of Protectionist writers; and this chapter seems the most successful of the book. But the task undertaken is hardly one of serious difficulty, for these fallacies are readily exposed when submitted to the simple but effective test employed by the author. There are few Protectionist arguments which can successfully face the principle that buying implies selling; or, as Professor Perry puts it, in longer and more cumbrous language, that a "market for products is products in a market."

For the clear enunciation, or at least for the thorough illustration, of this principle, Professor Perry advances a claim to originality, and he also contends that his substitution of the term "value" for that of "wealth," by withdrawing the attention of the student from "things" to "persons buying and selling," forms an important contribution to economic science. But we believe him to be mistaken in his estimate of the originality and the importance alike. The principle that buying implies selling, that demand is but the other side of supply, that a nation pays for its imports with its exports, may be found scattered broadcast in the "Wealth of Nations," and it is accompanied by illustrations as appropriate to the time of Adam Smith as those used by Professor Perry are pertinent to the greater complexity of commerce conducted on a large scale. Nor has he been entirely successful in avoiding extravagance in his criticism of Protectionist errors, or errors in his own use and application of the term "value." In dealing, for example, with the argument urged in defence of Protection for "infant industries," he passes very lightly and, as it seems to us, superficially, over theoretic considerations which have had considerable weight with convinced Free Traders. It is conceivable, on grounds of theory, that initial obstacles in the way of establishing "infant industries" on a sure and stable footing may be overcome by extraneous aid, and that, once overcome, industries which might not otherwise have survived may prosper, to the benefit of the whole community. The immense practical difficulties of determining what these industries are, and of withdrawing the support which has once been accorded, are duly emphasised by Professor Perry; but they are not rendered more, but only less, cogent an argument by ignoring, as he virtually does, the theoretic justification. This is merely a single example, but throughout his book his treatment often appears dogmatic and superficial, and he fails to attain that nice balancing of opposing considerations which has been the distinguishing mark of more recent economic writing. He dismisses authoritatively, without any serious attempt to meet the difficulty, the objections which may be raised to his

use of the term "value," and his distinction of "utility" from "value" in the case of land. He asserts that the "gratuitous" gifts of Nature may possess "utility," but that they cannot possess "value"; that the "original and indestructible powers of the soil" do not exist; that land only becomes valuable through the labour bestowed upon it; that rent is the equivalent for human effort and expenditure, and the "unearned increment" an untenable fiction. In this contention he follows Bastiat, whose definition of "value" as the "relation of two services exchanged" he modifies into the "relation of mutual purchase established between two services by their exchange." But Cairnes long ago pointed out that a delusive ambiguity lurked in the term "service" employed by Bastiat, and that it might mean an effort rendered or an effort saved. And so, while it was true that the possession of land might save an effort, and the possessor, who offered land in exchange, might render a service to another man, and the land be treated as a valuable commodity, its value might still be due to something else than an effort rendered by the possessor. If the gifts of Nature were limited in amount, they might also be valuable. Professor Perry, like Bastiat, avails himself of the convenient ambiguity of the term "service," and he tacitly assumes that the gifts of Nature are unlimited in amount, and free to all, while he dismisses Ricardo's theory of rent with little more than a mere *ipse dixit* in one paragraph immediately after he has gone far to admit the grounds on which it is based in another.

The truth is that it is scarcely unfair to apply to this treatise the animadversions of Cliffe Leslie; and, as a matter of fact, that able critic expressly noticed Professor Perry's earlier writings in the course of his article. His "political economy is in the main an importation from abroad, not an original development"; and it is the importation of an article which is now superseded by an improved pattern. His theory of value is that of Bastiat, and his thorough belief in the maxim of *laissez faire*, while it undoubtedly conduced to a vigorous examination of Protectionist arguments, leads also to an excessive confidence in the so-called "economic harmonies." It would indeed be unjust to say that he has not profited by the new light thrown on those "harmonies"—and, amongst others, by his own countryman, General Walker—in the interval between the first appearance of his "Elements" and the publication of the present treatise; but he has by no means rid himself of the "old leaven," which appears, for example, in his explanation of wages. In what he calls the "wages portion of capital" we seem to detect, with some indication of a more adequate and scientific view, lingering traces of the discredited "wages-fund" theory.

Nor, lastly, is that which is more distinctively American in his book beyond the reach of damaging criticism; for much of it is closely allied to the extravagance of the "economic harmonies." His examination, indeed, of the peculiar tariff policy of the United States is, as we have said, vigorous and instructive; and the scant consideration which he, in common with most American writers, accords to the Malthusian theory is perhaps justified by the immense area of the American continent. But, as Cliffe Leslie showed in his article, it was the presence of a theological element which was one of the most characteristic features of American treatises; and this element manifests its presence on almost every page of Professor Perry's volume. His illustrations are largely Biblical; his epithets, which certainly do not err on the side of moderation, are, as often as not, of a religious flavour; and he constantly appeals to the injunctions of a Divine Providence governing the world by "natural laws" working in beautiful and harmonious adjustment. But here, again, he rather represents a survival of a method which has had its day, and is now generally discarded by economists of a more scientific temper, both in his own and other countries.

THE CANON OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

1. CANON AND TEXT OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Dr. Frantz Buhl, Ordinary Professor of Theology at Leipzig. Translated by Rev. John Macpherson, M.A., Findhorn. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.
2. THE CANON OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. An Essay on the Gradual Growth of the Hebrew Canon of Scripture. By Herbert Edward Ryle, B.D., Hulsean Professor of Divinity, Cambridge, etc. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE appearance of these two volumes almost simultaneously with a work that partly covers the same ground—the new edition of Professor Robertson Smith's "Old Testament in the Jewish Church"—is ample proof both of the interest which Old Testament science continues to excite in this country and of the assiduity with which it is pursued by one generation of able scholars after another. Both volumes have been carefully executed; they fill a gap in our Old Testament literature; and they will receive the heartier welcome that independently they reach very much the same conclusions. Professor Buhl's volume covers both text and Canon; Professor Ryle treats only of the Canon. The former is characterised by all the thoroughness of the German school, and has been adequately rendered into English by one who is himself a theologian of repute. It is a complete text-book on the subject. Professor Ryle's work is quite as scientific in its methods, and much more detailed in its treatment. Its value is greatly enhanced by a chapter on the Preparation for a Canon and other two on the Beginnings of a Canon, which entitle it to rank as a history of the whole literary development of Israel's life. Then the essay is so lucid, so gradual, so reverent, so well written, that it is sure to be for many a day the standard English work on the subject. Professor Ryle has done for the Old Testament Canon what Dr. Westcott did for the New; students will be as grateful to the one as they have been to the other.

The great question about the Canon of the Old Testament is whether it was put together once for all, or whether it gradually grew. Till lately the prevalent doctrine both of Christianity and Judaism was that the determining of the whole Canon was the work of the age of Ezra. One tradition assigned it to Ezra himself, another to the Great Synagogue, a council sitting under his presidency. But the former tradition goes no further back than a legendary work of 90 A.D., and has long since fallen into disrepute in the Christian Church; the latter, as Professors Smith and Ryle show, is due to a conjecture of a Jew in the 10th century, while the tradition as to the existence of the Great Synagogue itself springs from statements not earlier than the first century of our era, which, again, are based on a misinterpretation of the text of Ezra and I. Maccabees. There is, therefore, no external evidence for the institution of the whole Canon under Ezra. Turning to internal evidence, we find the theory disposed of by the discovery within the Canon of books of later date than Ezra, as well as by evident inference from the three-fold division of the Canon into Law, Prophets, Hagiographa. As these cannot mean kinds of literature—else had Daniel been among the Prophets—defenders of the Ezra theory were driven to suppose that they represented degrees of inspiration, one of those frantic explanations in which a too-stiff orthodoxy throws itself altogether off its balance. May not the three-fold division mean growth rather than classification, strata than grades?—so that, to use Professor Ryle's terms, the Law was the first Canon, the Prophets the second, or later Canon, and the Writings a third and last Canon. For this hypothesis there is a great deal of external evidence. The Law gave its name to the whole Canon; was always treated as of pre-eminent sanctity; for a time was alone used in the Synagogue lectionary; and was alone called Mikra, or true Scripture, the other divisions being but Kabbala, or tradition. All this points to an historical precedence of the Law. Again, the Samaritan Canon, which was probably received from Jerusalem in 432 B.C., is confined

to the Law, which surely it would not have been if the Canon of Jerusalem at that date had contained more than the Law, and 432 B.C. is only twelve years later than the acceptance by Israel under Ezra of the whole Pentateuch, in place of an edition of the Pentateuch *minus* the Levitical laws, by which since the Exile the worship at Jerusalem had been directed. Ezra, then—or, rather, the congregation of Israel under him—was evidently the authority by which the first Canon, consisting of the Law, was instituted. Why for this precedence the Law should have been singled out of the mass of Israel's literature, then extant and revered, is explained by the political necessities of the little community, and the need of defending their precarious life and peculiar character from infection by their heathen neighbours and their own temporising priests.

Yet by this time the prophetic histories had been compiled, and in the Exile the greater Prophets had been vindicated as to their predictions, and proved as to their lasting power of comfort and inspiration. It is possible, therefore, that the tradition is correct which makes Nehemiah the collector of a library of the Prophets and other Scriptures. But the prophetic succession was not yet closed. Malachi at least was still alive; perhaps two other books were not yet written, and some anonymous pieces inserted in the Great Prophets can only date from the following century. Again, the Greek version of the Old Testament which dates from about 250, while it carefully translates the Law, renders the Prophets with a freedom and variety of reading incompatible with the final fixity of a Canon. On the other hand, we have evidence in the testimony of Ecclesiasticus, 180 B.C., and in the exclusion from the Prophetic Canon of Daniel, 165 B.C., that the Prophetic Canon was closed before both of these dates—or, say, about 200 B.C.

The close of the Hagiographa must have come later, for some were already written by Ezra's time, and nearly all were ancient by 200; two of them, Daniel and the Psalter, were not completed till 160. They were translated into Greek by 132, and the Psalter is quoted as Scripture by about 100. But it is not till the Gospels and their contemporaries, that proof is found of the existence of the Scriptures, in a Canon of twenty-four books arranged from Genesis to Chronicles, as they are in our Hebrew Bibles. This implies, according to both Buhl and Ryle, that the Hagiographa were recognised by 100 B.C., but disputes about Ecclesiastes and Canticles continued till the Synod of Jamnia in 90 A.D., when these works were at last decreed canonical.

Such is the evidence for the growth and fixture of the Canon. It will be seen that, while imposing, it is not equal throughout, and that among the few facts of which it consists, scattered over five centuries, there is considerable possibility of the discovery of others which might greatly alter present conclusions. Some things are fixed by internal evidence—the close of the Prophetic Canon is later than 440, that of the Hagiographa than 160—but there is nothing against the theory that many of these writings had practically received canonical regard for some time before these dates. Some things, too, are fixed by external evidence—the institution of the Pentateuch in Ezra's time, and its historical precedence of other Scriptures, and the virtual close of the whole Canon before our Lord's ministry. But what else is certain as to dates? The evidence, for instance, of the closing of the Prophetic Canon about 200 B.C. is far from conclusive, and many will agree with Buhl's demand for an earlier limit.

Finally, in the fixing of the various canons the immediate agents are obscure. The second and third canons, being as definite as the first, may have been closed by fiat as formal as the institution of the Law under Ezra. But we have not the slightest trace of this, and the looser arrangement of the Septuagint and the doubts about Ecclesiastes and Canticles seem to argue against it. But in contrast to this small and tardy influence of formal

councils in the matter—the Synod of Jamnia only gave a few puerile reasons for a conclusion come to nearly two centuries before—it is very clear that what secured to the Books their canonical position was their own inherent worth and vitality. True, it may have been necessary that before their authority was recognised they should be proved to be ancient and should wear the name of some great teacher in Israel, and that this artificial notion may have led to mistakes about their authorship and date which we are only now able to correct. But it was not the names they wear which gave these Books their rank; for other writings, we know, enjoy the same names, but have not therefore been lifted to the Canon. Nor was antiquity indispensable or conclusive. Early collections of songs have not survived; while the Maccabean Psalms must have been received into the Canon at a date when their recent origin was still easily remembered. But these latter were bound up with a great deliverance by God; and all the rest of the literature, which was really ancient, had proved its divinity either by a vindication of its predictions or by the proof it had shown of living and giving life from age to age. Without such effects and testimonies in the life of the nation at large, no borrowed name, no ascription of antiquity, no official decree, could have availed to bestow canonical rank. It was not learned discussion by scribes and doctors, whose reasons, so far as they have come down to us, are all afterthoughts, and mostly foolish ones; but it was proof beneath the strain of time, it was persecution, it was the needs of each new age which brought out a Book's truth, its indispensableness to the spiritual life, and the will of Providence regarding it. In our ignorance of vast stretches of the history of the Canon this is really all that can be affirmed about it. For the rest, it is enough for Christians that their Lord should have so clearly given His authority to it.

PERSIA AND KURDISTAN.

JOURNEYS IN PERSIA AND KURDISTAN. By Mrs. Bishop (Isabella L. Bird). Two vols. London: John Murray.

THE "untravelled many," to whom these volumes are dedicated, do not clamour for every book of travel which flutters through the air of a publishing season, and well for them that it is so. When they wish to know about a country or a people they turn no longer to the journals of travellers, but to the researches of residents who know the land and the folk, who have penetrated the glamour of first acquaintance, and tested early judgments by long experience. Still there are left a few places on our way-worn planet through which no highway runs, in which no representative of European civilisation resides. Passing through such secluded spots the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot help picking up something worth telling; and when the wayfarer is neither man nor fool, but a woman of courageous temperament and thorough training in all arts of travel, the tale that may be told becomes worth hearing indeed.

Mrs. Bishop has long been known as a remarkable traveller for a woman, and since the publication of her last journey she has been frankly recognised as a great traveller without limitation of any sort. The record of the journey is by no means perfect. Its literary form is aggravating, being that of a series of letters too stiff and impersonal to be real letters, and too informal and full of reiterated phrases and foreign words to pass as finished essays. The letters record impressions truthfully, we cannot doubt, but they strike us as incomplete. They are like a series of instantaneous photographs well taken, but badly developed. There are flaws in the book, but not by the fault of the author. In travelling she encountered thieves at every turn, who even carried off manuscripts which they could not read.

All this and more is acknowledged in the preface, which the reader should read again on finishing the book, for assuredly the depressing chill of the recapitulation of defects which meets him there will have been forgotten before the first letter has been perused. There is one point, however, about which we wonder more and more as the remarkable character of the journeys unfolds itself, and that is the motive of the whole. Concerning this, we meet with only one inadequate hint and the unsatisfying footnote—"I left England with a definite object in view, to which others were subservient; but it is not necessary to obtrude it on the reader." We would warmly welcome the obtrusion.

The journeys in Persia and Kurdistan commenced by a pleasant sail up the Tigris to Baghdad on a commonplace river-steamer in the cool season with congenial companions. But the ride from Baghdad to Tihran (we follow the correct spelling of the author) across the Zagros Mountains in winter would not be looked on as a trifle by Nansen himself; and Mrs. Bishop's pluck in carrying it through shows an absolutely indomitable will. She travelled day after day for ten hours at a snail's pace through deep snow, encountered blizzards in which several natives perished, slept in a tent pitched on a manure heap in a stable yard, or in the fireless cell of a caravanserai where the broken door could not be shut and the temperature fell to 16 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. No wonder that at last on reaching the British Legation at Tihran, in the midst of carriages full of people in evening dress coming to a dinner party, she found that, "caked with mud from head to foot, dripping, exhausted, nearly blind from fatigue—fresh from mud hovels and the congenial barbarism of the desert, and with the rags and travel-stains of a winter journey of forty-six days—light and festivity were overwhelming."

Extremes of climate lay near each other, and after rest at Tihran, an easy journey to Isfahan, and a refreshing stay with the missionaries at Julfa, Mrs. Bishop dared the terrific heats of summer in the deserts and valleys which separate the almost trackless mountains at Luristan. Everyone warned her against the journey, everyone said that it was simply impossible for a lady without European escort to penetrate the country of the more than half savage Bakhtiari; but she did it, and rejoiced when the dangers of the way became so great that return to Isfahan was impossible, and the only course was to push on. The Bakhtiari country is new ground to Europeans, a stretch of Asia with Mrs. Bishop (perhaps aided more than she allows by the "others who were subservient") as its Marco Polo; and from her observations we have the first authentic information as to the source and early course of the much-talked-of Karun river. General readers will skim lightly over the delineations of mountain and valley, river gorge and pass, on which the geographer may haply linger. But all must read with deepening interest the sympathetically told story of the Bakhtiari barbarians, their form of government—or, rather, their mode of anarchy—their insatiable demands for medicine and medical treatment, and even their humble place in the great squeezing organisation which, like a leaky pump, raises tribute for the ultimate use of the Shah and the immediate enrichment of intermediate officials. We would fain dwell on the curious village customs, the flour of ground acorns from which the bread is baked, the acorns three inches long from which the flour is made, the guides changed every few miles by reason of blood feuds; but this must be left for the reader to enjoy alone. As he enjoys it, he will learn how true it is that "savage life does not bear a near view. Its total lack of privacy, its rough brutality, its dirt, its undisguised greed, its unconcealed jealousies and hatreds, its falseness, its pure selfishness, and its treachery, are all painful on a close inspection."

In the autumn Mrs. Bishop emerged from the

Bakhtiari country, travelled northward through Persian Kurdistan to Urmi, still in danger from the handsome, lawless natives, and always on the guard for night surprises in the camp. At Urmi one of the objects of the journey is confessed—it was to study two Protestant missions amongst the Syrian Christians usually known as Nestorians. The two missions work on opposite lines. The American Presbyterians, having tried in vain for half a century to purge the Nestorian Church of lethargy and superstition, now devote their energies to education and to proselytising the degraded native Christians. The Archbishop of Canterbury's mission has been established five years, with the object of raising up and restoring the fallen Chaldaean Church; and by following the ancient ritual—by utilising practically unpaid celibates as missionaries—it hopes to accomplish the task which the married Presbyterian missionaries gave up in sorrowful despair. It is not without interest to note that a Roman Catholic priest, who recently visited his special mission at Urmi, characterises the Archbishop of Canterbury's establishment as a poor imitation of Catholicism. The author's comments on the native Christians of Kurdistan, both Persian and Turkish, and on the whole Armenian question, are thoughtful, emphatic, and deserving of consideration. The picture of the land oppressed by Kurdish depredations and Turkish inaction, if not overdrawn, must before long be set in a different political frame, either British or Russian. Otherwise the picture will become a blur, if not a blank, by the obliteration of its Christian features. No less interesting than the earlier adventures were those across the table-land of Armenia, past Lake Van, riding with a military escort and sleeping in *odahs* or immense subterranean stables, where, "as the eye becomes accustomed to the smoke and dimness, it sees rows of sweet ox faces with mild eyes and moist nostrils, and wild horse faces surrounding the enclosure, and any number more receding into the darkness." Finally, just as Mrs. Bishop soliloquises after repulsing an attack of predatory Lazes—"I felt as if I should *always* be sleeping in stables or dark dens, *always* uttering the call to 'boot and saddle' two hours before daylight, *always* crawling along mountain roads on a woolly horse, *always* planning marches, *always* studying Asiatic character, and *always* sinking deeper into barbarism!"—we find her riding into Trebizond and abruptly closing her narrative on the shore of the Black Sea.

It is difficult to associate the sad and anxious face which forms the frontispiece of Volume I. with the traveller who ploughed the red furrows on the map of Volume II., who enjoyed so intensely the free life of the desert, and loved so well a gallop on a fiery Arab horse; but it is easy to connect it with the sympathetic friend of every section of the composite nationalities and the soother of every sufferer met by the way.

We do not say that this is a great book, but it records with rare modesty and quiet power a notable journey carried out by a brave and good woman.

A NEW ANTHOLOGY.

A CHAPLET FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. By Richard Garnett. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

DR. GARNETT'S collection of dainty verse is a rare anthology: it gives us in brief the wit and fancy of many charming authors: of Dr. Garnett, of Plato, of Bion, of Moychus, of Martial, of Meleager, of Lucian, of a dozen more: Schopenhauer and Tom Paine and the Talmud furnish flowers for this chaplet from the Greek anthology. For the book is not only a volume of translations: it contains imitations, paraphrases, and original verse, but all suggested by the Greek. It is curious literature, this profusion of Greek epigram, elegy, dirge, love poem, and drinking song: there is so much of it, and it is so brilliant and so dull, so pointed and so pointless. One may contrast

it with the Italian peasant rhymes, with the Elizabethan lyrics, with the French and English verse *d'esprit et de société*: now it is polished as Landor, now it is sparkling as Prior, now it is tame as Tupper. A quip, an ingenuity, a conceit, touched with beauty of phrase, or a sigh, a plaint, a melancholy turned to a smile by wit; these are its humours. All the quaint irreverence of its theology, and the prettiness of its affectations, and the dexterity of its turns, give it a singular charm: it is not great verse, it is too insincere for that; it is not contemptible verse, it is too bright for that. Like our modern troplets and villanelles, it is masterly verse in the hands of the neat and graceful player; and how infinitely tedious in those of the fumbling and the futile! Dr. Garnett's collection is choicely good: all kinds are represented—amatory, vinous, elegiac, even stupid. He has excellently caught, at times, that strange accent of Chapman in his Homeric Hymns, which makes them so delightful: the long epithets, pleasantly lumbering with an ancient air, in place of the swift and liquid Greek, yet with something fantastically classical and proper about them. In this way:—

“Had I, my Sardian home, been reared in thee,
A cymbal-clashing eunuch should I be,
Or craftsman; but now far my fame is spread,
Alemán, of Sparta many-tripod
Illustrious burgher, to whom Muses show
Treasures more rich than Lydian monarchs know.”

The manner of Keats, himself so generously in debt to Chapman, is also in Dr. Garnett's verse: the sweetness more sweet, whilst the “linked” length of lines remains. It were foolish to quote much of this volume: the poems gain by being read together on a summer afternoon, when their silly, pleasant fancies ripple and murmur, as an anthologist might say, like streams and bees; add a fragrance as of flowers, and the time-worn conceit is perfected. An admirable book.

FICTION.

1. THE HERITAGE OF THE KURTS. By Björnsterne Björnson. London: William Heinemann.
2. THE REPUTATION OF GEORGE SAXON. By Morley Roberts. London: Cassell & Co.
3. A SOLDIER'S CHILDREN. By John Strange Winter. London: Chatto & Windus.
4. THE SAGHALIEN CONVICT; AND OTHER STORIES. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

“THE HERITAGE OF THE KURTS” is a novel which is not constructed on the English plan; a reader may possibly be bewildered by his unfamiliarity with the method of the Norwegian author. The subject of the novel is, as will be seen from the title (which is not the original title), heredity; as a consequence, the story deals with the family rather than with the hero and the heroine. Our interest is less in the man than in something impalpable, horribly perpetual, which never quite dies while the family in which it was born continues to provide it with a human habitation; yet the novel would lend no support to the popular notion that when heredity comes in we may fold our hands and go to sleep. The hero of the latter part of the story, himself to some extent the victim of heredity, found in it no cause for despair. There is a legacy of good as well as of evil. He pointed this out. “In his own family there was a predisposition to insanity. Every case which he could trace showed plainly that only when the weakness which led to insanity had been allowed to increase, did this infirmity break out. When this weakness was opposed by the inter-mixture of fresh blood, by education and self-education, that person was saved for his work in life. Heredity was not a destiny, but a condition.” In the work of Björnson we see always the philosopher through the novelist—but through the very good novelist. He takes, perhaps, a broader view of things than the English novelist; but in spite of this—possibly because of this—he is particularly careful about detail. The minor incidents are unconventional

and illustrative. The author touches, of necessity, upon one or two points which may not please a certain kind of reader; but anyone who is fairly robust and thoughtful cannot fail to be deeply impressed by this strong and original example of Björnson's later manner. The translation must have been specially difficult, as a part of the story has to be rendered into slightly archaic English. It is a readable translation, and (without the slightest knowledge of Norwegian) it would hardly be safe to accuse it of inaccuracy.

Mr. Morley Roberts has many ways, and he uses all of them in the collection of stories entitled “The Reputation of George Saxon.” Some of these stories are full of subtlety and suggestion; some are not so much stories as descriptions of a single character; some are bold and adventurous; one, at least, is humorous—a man tells lies about a snake, and concludes with, “Gimme another Bourbon, Bill, for I'm dry—mighty dry.” That style is not fresh nor desirable; but in the rest of the book Mr. Morley Roberts shows great resources. The first story, and in some respects the best, deals with a literary reputation; the man who gets all the reputation is not even one of the authors of the literature on which the reputation is founded; the story is not wantonly probable, but it is told with great cleverness. One interesting sketch deals with the casting of fine bronze and another with the career of a murderer—a murderer of a curious kind, since under a certain condition he is duly licensed to kill. The shorter stories at the conclusion of the book are rather more commonplace than we had expected to find from this author; on the whole, he seems to write with more spirit and freshness when he is not writing adventure. Yet the adventure stories would seem to indicate knowledge and experience. They are written with confidence. As a whole, the volume is very readable, although it is not so good a book as we should have expected from its author.

In “A Soldier's Children” we have very little about the soldier, and a good deal about the children. There is also some interpolated matter. For instance, one chapter deals in a practical way with the question of beds; we learn what is the best kind of bed to have, and that it is uncomfortable to sleep in any bed which is not comfortable, and we receive other information which may be of use to the young house-keeper. In another place, “John Strange Winter” falls heavily upon the nameless critic of some nameless paper, who had the hardihood to impute to the author an ignorance of the dining customs of the truly smart. We would rather impute to her a love of children and, which is far more rare, some comprehension of their nature. The children of this book are good children; they are good without being altogether impossible. One of them has an unprovoked attack of pneumonia, and turns pathetic; but she recovers. The style is the style which “John Strange Winter” generally uses; and, on the whole, it makes no fresh departure, and contains nothing to imperil her great popularity. The conclusion of the book quite disarms criticism, for it tells us that the author has given it to the Victoria Hospital.

Translated novels come upon us thick and fast nowadays. The first story in “The Saghalien Convict” is by far the best, although it begins tediously and ends with a rush. It deals with material which must be new to almost every English reader, and the history of the convict's escape is vivid and exciting. But any reader who intends to peruse the last story in the collection should have a strong stomach. It is a description of the experiences of a man left wounded for days on the field of battle. Nothing could be more impressive or more sickening. The different stages of putrefaction in the body of a dead man are described with every loathsome detail. The story only occupies a few pages, but it is not likely to be forgotten easily by anyone who reads it. It is full of that mixture of brutality and ghastliness which so often is supposed to signify power.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

FEW incidents in the history of the English in India are more discreditable than the opposition which William Carey and his companions encountered when they went forth to evangelise the native races of the East. India, at the close of last century, was forbidden ground to the missionary, for the East India Company regarded it as their own close preserve, and were jealous of the intrusion of white men inspired by other aims than those of trade or commerce. William Carey went, like another apostle, "bound in the spirit" to India, and yet so great was the power of selfishness, that he had to be smuggled thither under the protection of the American flag. Compelled to make the voyage to India by way of America, Carey was thrown on the hospitality of the descendants of the Puritans in New York and Philadelphia, and in after years he was not forgetful of the godly men and women who had helped and cheered him at the beginning of his mighty task. The earliest missionary society in America appears to have sprung out of Carey's sojourn with his Baptist brethren in the States, and these "Serampore Letters," written by the "inspired cobbler," served to fan into a flame the spark of missionary zeal which his own presence had kindled. The Christian Church has numbered in the long roll of her noble sons no more heroic worker than William Carey; and these faded old letters which have just leaped to light throw into bolder relief the modesty, the self-abnegation, and the patient continuance in well-doing, which the world recognised long ago as characteristic of the man. The book brings out in a direct, but artless, fashion the difficulties which beset this brave man in India, and as in a mirror, we seem to behold his strange surroundings. The enthusiasm of humanity was no chance impulse with William Carey; it glowed steadily through his busy and beneficent life, for it was fed from Heavenly aevons.

It was the late Bishop Fraser, of Manchester, who declared—as far back as October, 1879—that cemeteries were becoming not only a "difficulty, an expense, and an inconvenience, but an actual danger." Since then, and chiefly during the last four or five years, the movement in favour of cremation has made steady progress, especially in America, where the need for resorting to such a method in the disposal of the dead is less urgent than in a crowded country like our own. The religious argument against cremation is hardly worthy of consideration, for no person of any intelligence, however devout, lays stress upon it. Sentiment, prejudice, and custom, however, are at present opposed to such a change, and it must not be forgotten by the eager and often intolerant advocates of cremation that nothing is more difficult than the transference of sentiment, and that this particular question comes home to each man's bosom exactly at the hour when sentiment is rightly in the ascendancy. The sanitary consideration is the one which is most likely to bring about this reform, for if it be true that in burying the bodies of the dead in the ground we not merely preserve but spread germs of disease, the necessities of civilised life will render, sooner or later, cremation inevitable. It is certainly disquieting to learn that epidemics of typhoid fever and the contamination of wells can be directly traced to cemeteries situated in some cases more than half a mile distant from the scene of the mischief. In the pages of the book before us, "Earth-Burial and Cremation," the arguments against the former and in favour of the latter are stated with great clearness, and there is no lack of illustrative facts in support of the view that the dead are continually engaged in killing the living.

The new edition of that well-known school-book, "Hughes' Elementary Geography," has just reached us. The work, which now extends to two hundred and fifty pages, has been thoroughly revised, and examination questions have been added to each

* SERAMPORE LETTERS, BEING THE UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF WILLIAM CAREY AND OTHERS WITH JOHN WILLIAMS. 1800-1816. Edited by Leighton and Mornay Williams. Illustrated. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Crown 8vo.

EARTH-BURIAL AND CREMATION. By Augustus G. Cobb. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Crown 8vo.

AN ELEMENTARY CLAS-BOOK OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY. By William Hughes, F.R.G.S. Revised by J. Francon Williams, F.R.G.S. London and Liverpool: George Philip & Son. Crown 8vo.

IN THE GUN-ROOM: SKETCHES IN PROSE AND VERSE. By H. Knight Horsfield. London and Sydney: Eden, Remington & Co. Crown 8vo.

ELOCUTION, WITH RULES AND INSTRUCTIONS. By George W. Baynham. Seventh Edition. London and Edinburgh: Blackie & Son. Crown 8vo.

POPULAR READINGS IN SCIENCE. By John Gall, M.A., LL.B., and David Robertson, M.A., LL.B., B.Sc. ("Constable's Oriental Miscellany.") London, S.W.: Archibald Constable & Co. Crown 8vo. (5s.)

THE THEORY OF EDUCATIONAL SLOYD. The only Authorised Edition of the Lectures of Otto Salomon. Revised and Edited by an Inspector of Schools. London and Liverpool: George Philip & Son. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

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section, and they are of a kind which cannot fail to enhance the practical utility of the volume. Clearness, accuracy, and fulness of detail are amongst the meritorious features of this thoroughly practical little manual.

"In the Gun-Room" is the title of a collection of rather vapid sketches in prose and verse, which certainly might have been left to rest in peace in the comparative obscurity of the magazines and journals to which they were originally contributed. For the most part they are descriptions of sport, interspersed with mild adventures in the hunting-field; and, in point of merit, they are neither better nor worse than the majority of idle tales of their kind. Possibly, however, men of vacant moods may find such a book to their liking—at all events, in an idle hour.

The orator, like the poet, is born, not made, but the principles of "Elocution," like the laws of verse, may be instilled into dullards. Mr. Baynham's handbook on the subject—the outcome of thirty years' experience as a teacher of elocution—contains a number of practical hints on the management of the voice, twelve simple rules for effective speech and recitation, and a series of carefully graduated selections from dramatists, poets, and writers of prose. Stress is laid on the necessity of the pupil identifying himself in sympathy, as far as possible, with the characters who speak, or the scene which is described, and most of the other directions which are given are equally marked by simplicity and common-sense. The book has evidently appealed successfully to those who desire to excel as readers or writers, for it now appears in its seventh edition.

"Popular Readings in Science" is the title of the new volume of "Constable's Oriental Miscellany." It is written by Professor Gall, of Lucknow, and Mr. David Robertson, formerly a well-known master in one of the public schools of London. The subjects discussed are meteorology, botany, the Darwinian theory, light, energy, gravitation, chemistry, the nebular theory, molecular force, bacteria, and other aspects and departments of scientific research. Everyone now admits that some knowledge of science ought to form part of a liberal education, and this book is a painstaking and able attempt to explain, as far as that is possible in a volume of four hundred and fifty pages, the conclusions at which the foremost savants and experts of the day have arrived. Experience gained in teaching physical science in India is turned in these pages to good account in choice and treatment of the subjects discussed, and the book contains exactly the kind of information needed as the basis of a course of instruction in science, suitable to the requirements of pupils in the schools of the East, who are preparing for matriculation at one or other of the universities. We took up the book without much interest, but we have been agreeably impressed with the lucidity and vigour of its apt and thoroughly well-informed expositions of some of the most difficult problems of science.

One of the chief maxims of Froebel was that "man only understands thoroughly that which he is able to produce;" and the Sloyd movement in education, which originated in Sweden a quarter of a century ago, may be described as a practical application of that principle. Sloyd is described by its advocates as an educational system, which embraces many useful forms of handicraft. Its purpose is not to turn out carpenters or other skilled artisans, but to develop the mental, moral, and physical powers of children. The promotion of manual dexterity is only regarded by the system as a means to an end, for it is claimed that self-reliance, accuracy, patience, the faculty of observation and the power of concentrating thought are all developed whilst handling the tools. Possibly Sloyd may not produce the varied moral results upon which Herr Salomon and his disciples lay so much stress; but the advantages of the system are obvious, and its power to awaken the enthusiasm of young pupils is not open to question. The underlying principles of the system are admirably explained in the book which lies before us, "The Theory of Educational Sloyd," and the manual is one with which all school-masters ought to make themselves acquainted. We have also received forty plates of working diagrams of Sloyd models drawn to English measurement and intended for the use of high schools.

NOTICE.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

IN comparison with the two deaths which have taken place this week, and which have robbed the world of its two chief men of letters, other events sink into insignificance. The death of M. RENAN last Sunday is mourned by France as a national calamity, and a national funeral has been decreed to the philosopher and author. But TENNYSON'S loss is one infinitely greater than that of RENAN, and it will be felt in millions of households throughout the world. Incomparably the greatest man of letters of the Victorian Age, he had won universal recognition as a poet, and all nations will share in our mourning. What public honours may be paid to his memory we cannot yet say; but certainly, if a grave in Westminster Abbey is the proper acknowledgment of the highest literary fame, then such a grave ought to be TENNYSON'S. It was MR. GLADSTONE who was the instrument through whom a peerage was conferred upon the poet; and we doubt not that the Prime Minister, who loses in TENNYSON his most illustrious contemporary and his oldest personal friend, will not be slow to show regard for so great a memory. But it is by the many—not the few—that TENNYSON'S loss will be felt. He had been for more than a generation the familiar friend, the counsellor, the comforter, the constant companion, of the reading world; and he has died whilst his poetic faculty was still almost unimpaired. It is no small thing to lose such a man from one's life. The younger generation may be turning to new stars dimly emerging from the mists of obscurity on the horizon. To the older it will seem that the last of the Immortals has disappeared, and that the heavens are made the darker by his loss.

WHETHER successful or not, the abnormal astuteness of the East African Company deserves full recognition. Embarking on a purely commercial enterprise, to be carried out on strictly economical lines, this remarkable body has been able to pose as an indispensable agency for the Christianising of Africa, the abolition of the slave trade, and the prosecution of high Imperial aims. And further, the directors, though having, in MR. MACKENZIE'S words, "decided to withdraw from active occupation of Uganda as far back as August, 1891," are yet—in October, 1892—eager to claim State aid in carrying out the long-decided evacuation, and to throw the whole responsibility of the proceeding upon H.M.'s Government. It is to be hoped that the methods of this Company will not find imitators. Here was a great tract of country to be developed. Instead of proceeding by gradual steps according to precedent, the Company expended its efforts and its limited funds in a filibustering expedition to Uganda, the only existing route to which had been handed over to Germany by LORD SALISBURY. It is difficult to believe that this policy was not deliberately adopted with an eye to the situation which has now arisen. So far, the main achievement of the Company has been to cause much unnecessary slaughter and to lay the seeds of future disorder in a region comparatively tranquil. Uganda cannot be effectively controlled or rendered commercially profitable until a road to the Victoria Nyanza has been made. There is no evidence whatever of its exceptional value, and if Imperial funds

are to be made available to open up new markets in Africa, and to check the slave trade, they should obviously be expended upon the 250 miles of the Suakim-Berber route, and not on the territory of the East African Company. Meanwhile it is difficult to understand why an agreement cannot be made with Germany and Belgium—the only Powers at present concerned—to secure the sanctity of the existing spheres of influence. How much of the vast areas assigned to either of these Powers is, in any sense, occupied or administered? Who is the Governor of Socotra?

THE result of the South Bedfordshire election was not unsatisfactory, considering the cold fit which naturally overtakes the more lukewarm of the victors after the excitement of a General Election and the special circumstances of the fight, to which reference is made elsewhere. The polling in the Cirencester division of Gloucester is fixed for Thursday. COLONEL CHESTER MASTER, the Conservative candidate, was, when last in the House, one of those members of whose existence no one outside can well be aware, save the most minute and unfailing students of division lists. But he possesses great local influence; the district is—politically speaking—primitive, and the Liberal candidate has hitherto been a stranger. Still, the constituency is being worked, under great difficulties from its formation and shape, with the utmost vigour and thoroughness; and the Liberal prospects, which were not very bright at the first, are now distinctly hopeful.

WE publish elsewhere a continuation of the valuable correspondence we have recently received on the question of licensing reform. It is only necessary now to say a word regarding the letter of DR. DAWSON BURNS, the representative of the United Kingdom Alliance. DR. BURNS, like the other members of that body, has apparently so firm a belief that "local option" will mean prohibition—apparently universal and absolute prohibition—that he is inclined to look with little favour upon any attempts which may be made to reform the drink traffic, even though they are not hostile to the principle of local option. Now it is only necessary to say that outside the limits of the United Kingdom Alliance nobody believes that the introduction of local option will lead to prohibition, save possibly in a few isolated cases. The time may possibly come when the case will be different, and when the nation will determine that the trade in intoxicating drinks shall absolutely cease. For our part, we wish teetotalers every success in the endeavour to bring about that day. But it can only come when the majority of the people of the United Kingdom have come to the determination that they will not themselves use intoxicants, nor permit them to be sold in their midst. How soon does DR. BURNS expect to see that much desired day? And meanwhile, having recognised the principle of local option, and left the road open to the Alliance to convert the world to prohibition if it can, are we to sit still with folded hands and do nothing to reduce evils which every day are inflicting loss, misery, and shame upon the community at large? That is the question before us now. We hope that all reasonable men within and without the Alliance will refuse to acquiesce in this policy of *laissez faire* tempered by local

option, and will give their best help to the Government in its endeavour to treat the drink traffic in a spirit of practical reform.

WE must say a word as to the reference of DR. BURNS to MR. BRUCE's Bill. DR. BURNS is indignant that we should impute hostility to that measure to the teetotalers of twenty years ago; but as he goes on to say, "If any attempt is made to revive the objectionable features of MR. BRUCE's Bill, you may take it for granted that, instead of support, *the former opposition* will reappear in augmented energy and force," we do not know that we need appeal to any other authority in confirmation of our statement. Of course the "objectionable features," in the eyes of DR. BURNS and his friends, were precisely those which commended themselves most firmly to practical reformers who are not prohibitionists. Is it not possible to hope that the United Kingdom Alliance will consent—not to throw away the principle of Local Option (nobody asks that of it), but to agree to a compromise as to the methods of immediate reform? Our earnest hope is that wisdom and moderation will not be forgotten now, when a golden opportunity for mitigating a great evil is apparently ready to our hands.

THE function ascribed to the Church Congress by its President—the explosion of unpractical ideas—has not been greatly in evidence at Folkestone this week, for the excellent reason that there have been hardly any to explode. The proceedings have been marked by an admirable practicality, beginning with the collapse at the outset of the ridiculous street demonstration against the "Romanism" of a procession of clergy in canonicals. All through the discussion on the relation of the Church to labour combinations, its work in the agricultural districts, the temperance question, and physical recreation, the same tendency has been noticeable. There was, of course, the inevitable row between teetotalers and moderate drinkers, provoked by the remarks of that *enfant terrible* the Dean of Rochester, and the equally inevitable drawn battle on vivisection. The speakers on religious education in elementary schools dwelt much on the inefficiency of religious teaching in schools when given by outsiders—even should they be the clergy of the parish—but ignored the equal ineffectiveness and greater irreverence which so often result from its being given like other lessons by the ordinary teacher who has no particular qualification for the task. Moreover, in spite of an eloquent passage in the Presidential address, the fact was ignored that there is little necessary connection between dogmatic religious teaching and character. But we hardly expect this side of the question at a Church Congress. We prefer to look—and we do so with unqualified satisfaction—at the admirable papers of ALDERMAN PHILLIPS, MR. MAWDSLEY, and CANON SCOTT HOLLOW on the relation of the Church to labour disputes, at CANON JESSOPP's exposition of its work in rural districts, and at LORD BRASSEY's strong recommendation to the clergy to study political economy. Should the Church enter thoroughly into public life in the way indicated in these debates, it need have no fear as to the results of Disestablishment.

TUESDAY'S meeting of the London County Council was marked by the decision, by 92 to 24, to purchase nineteen miles of the North Metropolitan Tramway Company's system under the Act of 1871. As the Company pays 6½ per cent., and works forty-nine miles, of which the nineteen in question are far from being the least profitable, even the most decided of individualists will admit that there is a considerable margin against loss. The Council is not as yet pledged to work the line itself, and, obviously, can hardly do so until it

has acquired more. Some day, perhaps, when all the tramways have fallen in and been purchased, MR. JOHN BURNS's dream will be realised of a universal penny fare throughout the County of London. It is difficult to see why such a scheme should necessarily be unprofitable, while its advantages in depleting over-crowded districts are only too obvious.

NOTWITHSTANDING a Continental demand for gold, which is likely to grow stronger as the year advances, rates in the open market have fallen this week. Bankers and bill-brokers find it impossible to resist. Trade is declining, speculation is paralysed, and the accumulation of unemployed money was increased on Wednesday by the payment out of the Bank of England of the interest on the National Debt. If, however, the Continental demand increases, as is expected, there is sure to be a rapid recovery in rates. In the silver market, the price has risen a farthing to 38½d. per oz. The announcement that the International Conference is to meet on the 22nd of next month has given a new hope to all interested, that something may be done, after all, to rehabilitate silver. Of course, that is impossible. This country will not adopt bimetallism, or in any way change its monetary system. Neither will Germany, and Austria-Hungary is not likely to alter the decision just come to to adopt the gold standard. The appointment of a Departmental Committee to inquire into the Indian Currency system has also been regarded favourably; but, as pointed out elsewhere, it is very improbable that anything will be done. Still, drowning men catch at straws. It is possible that the market may be fairly well maintained for some time—that is, until the Conference meets, and it is made plain to all the world that nothing can be done to rehabilitate silver. Then it is only too likely that there will be another fall.

FOR the first three days of the week there was more activity in the Stock Markets than there has been for a long time. Ever since Christmas speculation has been paralysed, and prices have been generally giving way. Now that the holidays are over, the great operators are returning to the City, and they think that, after so long a stagnation, it may be possible to put a little new life into markets. They have been aided by the recovery of the silver market, which has proceeded chiefly from the United States. In New York, just as in London, the holidays are over, and the courage of the great operators there is heightened by the fact that the farmers in the West are selling grain on a very large scale, and that consequently the traffic of the railway companies is increasing. But a prolonged speculation, either in New York or in London, seems impossible while the silver crisis is with us. At all events, it is to be hoped that the public in this country will not be misled by the over-sanguine representations that are now being made. Among the favourable influences this week must be reckoned the announcement that MESSRS. BARING BROTHERS, have sold Argentine railway stock of the nominal amount of £1,700,000 to a powerful syndicate. In consequence, the hope is strengthened that the BARING guarantors will suffer no loss; and it is evident that the syndicate at all events must look favourably upon Argentine prospects or they would not make the purchase. But in spite of the efforts of operators and the accidental assistance they receive from these circumstances, Thursday was again very dull. In Paris the great bankers seem to be losing courage. All through the summer they have kept up prices with greater success than anybody looked for, but this week the Bourse has been weak. The threatening despatch addressed by Russia to the Porte has caused some uneasiness, and warned operators that a political accident may upset all their calculations. At the same time, the value of money in Paris is rising.

"THAT WICKED MR. GLADSTONE."

IT positively makes some among us feel young again to read the morning and evening organs of the Opposition in their present mood. The hand upon the clock-face seems to have been put back; it is no longer 1892, but 1883, or 1872, or almost any other period within living memory when Mr. Gladstone has been a prominent figure on the stage of public affairs. For he has once more been exalted to his old place in the estimation of the *Times* and its kindred spirits in the press. Once again he is "that wicked Mr. Gladstone," to whose malign influence every misfortune that can afflict the human family, from the failure of the hop harvest in Kent to a renewed eruption at Krakatoa, is directly to be traced. There is no end, it is clear, to the criminality of this most unnaturally wicked person. He has his finger in every pie, and everywhere his touch spoils the dish. For some years past the critics who have made it their mission to hunt him down have been content to refer to his age, to his obvious loss of touch with his fellow-creatures, and to the fact that whatever might be his innate depravity, Providence, in the shape of a Unionist Administration, had at last reduced him to impotence. But this pleasing frame of mind has suddenly been replaced by another, and Mr. Gladstone awoke last Saturday morning to find that he had been raised during the night to the pedestal he occupied in other days as the universal bogey-man and author of all evil. In short, he is again, to adopt the pleasing phrase popular with the old ladies of Belgravia, "that wicked Mr. Gladstone."

His wickedness displays itself in varied forms. Last week we ventured to predict that if the Cabinet acted with ordinary prudence in dealing with the thorny question of Uganda, it would be charged with sacrificing British interests; and most amply was our prediction fulfilled. The *Times* came forth on Saturday, when it was known that Ministers had resolved not to commit the country to the maddest scheme of military aggression which was ever imagined by an adventurer, with an attack upon Mr. Gladstone surpassing even its usual virulence. This hardened man had actually, it appeared, seen an opportunity of inflicting a grievous injury upon his country, and had made haste to seize it. "Cowardly and disgraceful scuttle" was the phrase by which our contemporary chose to describe the only wise and statesmanlike step which it was open to Ministers to take; and then it went on, by means of hardly veiled hints, to suggest that the British East Africa Company might, after all, cheat that wicked Mr. Gladstone by taking his money, preparing, or pretending to prepare to evacuate, and quietly waiting for something to turn up in that chapter of accidents in which the chief hope of the Tories now lies. It is hardly necessary to say that if Lord Salisbury were now in office he would most certainly take the line which the Cabinet adopted last week. And in that case the *Times* and the other organs of the Opposition would have applauded him just as loudly as they now denounce Mr. Gladstone. But it is not so generally known that for the special difficulties in which the East Africa Company is now involved it has to thank the bungling of Lord Salisbury when he arranged for the partitioning of a Continent which did not belong to him. Opinions differ widely as to the value of Uganda to this or any other European country; and those who know the place best seem to have the poorest estimate of its worth. But it is at least certain that it would be worth much more to us if we had a road by which it could be reached with comparative ease and safety. That we do not possess such a road, and that conse-

quently Uganda is almost out of reach of the forces of Great Britain, is solely due to the fact that Lord Salisbury, in his desire to curry favour with Germany, allowed that country to take possession of the only practicable route to Lake Victoria. As a consequence of that blunder, we are calmly asked by the new Jingoes to go to the expense of building a railroad eight hundred miles in length, stretching across the belt of swamp which cuts off Uganda from the coast, in order that we may send an army along the line to seize and hold the province for a commercial company! This is the modest proposal which Ministers have rejected, and the rejection of which has led to the renewed outburst of anger against "that wicked Mr. Gladstone," who seems to take a positive pleasure in thwarting the most generous designs of his fellow-countrymen, in humiliating the British flag, and in injuring British interests.

But the nonsense which has been written about Uganda pales before that which has been poured forth upon the head of the Prime Minister because of the recent diplomatic trouble between Russia and the Porte. The Foreign Office at St. Petersburg has addressed a rough letter of remonstrance to Constantinople, because of the reception of Prince Ferdinand by the Sultan, and straightway the *Times* hints that it is Mr. Gladstone's return to power which has encouraged the Czar to bully the Principalities. Poor Mr. Gladstone! But why did not the sapient critic who traces his handiwork in such unexpected places recall the fact that Prince Ferdinand (according to a late veracious chronicler) is the owner of a dog, and that this dog is so ill-mannered that it will not only refuse to obey when spoken to in any language but English, but that at the word of command from the Prince it "cheers for Queen Victoria and groans at the Czar." Surely our contemporary might at least have given this sagacious beast credit for some small share in the responsibility which it seeks to lay in an undivided load upon the devoted head of Mr. Gladstone. There is Tenterden steeple too. Why has it been omitted from the list of causes contributory to the ill-temper of the Czar? Tenterden steeple and the prince's poodle (an apocryphal beast, we venture to say) may not have played a very great part in leading the Emperor of Russia to make his latest demonstration against the Bulgarians; but it is at least certain that they had as much to do with it as the fact that the man who is now at the head of the Government of Great Britain happens also to be the man who is known to Russia and the world as having been the foremost and most powerful friend the people of Bulgaria have ever had among the statesmen of Europe. The gentleman who was foolish enough to suggest that Mr. Gladstone was more likely to acquiesce in the bullying of the Bulgarians than Lord Salisbury would have been, has clearly never heard of the events of 1876 and 1877.

Still, we must be prepared to see "that wicked Mr. Gladstone" now held up to public odium as the real author of every untoward event in contemporary history. The Armenian trouble, which has been so threatening of late, is, doubtless, but another proof of his all-pervading influence for evil; whilst we know that the difficulties of the Colonial Governments abroad, and the aspirations of the Fabian Society at home, are nothing more than further evidence of the fact that a spirit of evil has again been let loose upon the world, and that the spirit is one which has its usual home at Hawarden. We confess that we are not by any means so much perturbed by this sudden recrudescence of the "wicked Mr. Gladstone" myth as we perhaps ought to be. To most of us this particular mode of fighting

the Liberal party and its leader has lost the charm of novelty. We have seen so many dark deeds imputed to the present Prime Minister in former days, and have seen him, in spite of the colossal wickedness thus charged against him, succeed in so many of his enterprises and carry so many measures, which have somehow or other turned out well for his country and mankind, that we no longer care even to pretend to be afraid when we listen to the dismal prophecies of the Duke of Argyll, the *Times*, and the other opponents of "that wicked Mr. Gladstone." Perhaps it is that the prophets themselves are not quite so powerful, not quite so eloquent, or so impressive as they were in former days; or it may be that it is only because anything is a relief which gives us a change from the dismal tune our antagonists have so long played upon the theme provided for them by the late Mr. Pigott. It is, at all events, something to find that Mr. Gladstone has other modes in which to dispose of his superfluous wickedness besides "breaking up the Empire" and entering into unholy compacts with murderers, who are so stupid as to write letters which can be reproduced to their confusion in *fac simile* in the *Times*.

THE LORD LIEUTENANT.

ENGLISH critics seem disposed somewhat to underrate the functions of the Irish Lord Lieutenant and the importance of the mission entrusted to him. As a matter of fact the entry of the new Viceroy into Dublin last Monday was an event of real significance and interest. No one of course is ignorant of Mr. Morley's position in the Government of which he is one of the principal members, and so far as Ministerial responsibility is concerned, the Chief Secretary is necessarily supreme in his own department. But the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland fills a great historic position, and represents not merely a Ministry but the Sovereign and the people of Great Britain. It is when we regard Lord Houghton in this character that we realise the real importance of his appearance upon the scene of his future duties. He entered Dublin last Monday as the first Lord Lieutenant who has ever gone there with a commission, not merely from the Government of the day, but from the House of Commons, to convey a message of peace and goodwill to the Irish people, and to give them the assurance that so far as this Government is concerned, Ireland will be ruled with a full regard to the opinions and the wishes of the nation. Varying accounts have been given of the manner of his reception; but even the most unfriendly of the reporters who described the scene for readers in London has been constrained to admit that he was received with cordiality. Enthusiasm, perhaps, it would be too much to expect even at this moment from an Irish crowd. The iron has entered too deeply into the soul of the people to allow of that free ebullition of outspoken goodwill which we may hope to witness by-and-by. It is indeed a melancholy commentary upon the manner in which Great Britain has ruled Ireland during the past ninety years that no popular representative of the Irish people, no man who desires to stand well with his fellow countrymen, dares to show himself in close and intimate relation with the Castle and its occupants. As Englishmen, most of us must naturally deplore this fact, and deplore the absence of the Irish Nationalist members from the reception of the Lord Lieutenant on Monday. But even those who are disposed to judge the Irish members most harshly will do well to remember that for the temper of doubt and suspicion which still, to a certain extent, prevails in

Ireland, it is Englishmen, not Irishmen, who are chiefly responsible. For generations the Castle and the Lord Lieutenant have represented only one thing in the eyes of most of the people of Ireland—the domination of a foreign race. How can it be expected that the influence of old memories shall disappear in a moment, or that the lesson which we have branded upon the minds of Irishmen by scores of Coercion Acts and penal measures of ruthless barbarity can be forgotten in a day? We should have been well pleased if the population of Dublin had turned out to the last man to greet the messenger of peace who came to them this week bearing the olive branch in his hand. But if they had done so, they would have belied the experience of all who have studied the history of the past.

Still it is eminently satisfactory to know that those who have seemed anxious to stimulate the old gospel of hate and doubt among the Irish people have been signally baffled by the manner in which the new Lord Lieutenant has been greeted. Mr. Redmond and his associates have shown no great degree of wisdom in the manner in which they have recently deported themselves. We could wish for their own sakes that it had been otherwise, and that they had shown a truer sense of the real interests of their country and a higher courage in recognising the situation as it exists to-day. There is, however, every reason to hope that before long the last excuse for an attitude of reserve and suspicion will have been taken from them, and that they will find themselves compelled either to throw in their lot cordially with the larger body of Irish representatives or to take their place openly on the side of those who are the recognised and avowed enemies of Irish freedom. In the meantime we may feel satisfied that in the Irish executive there will be but one mind and one heart. No man could desire a more loyal or more capable colleague than Mr. Morley has secured in Lord Houghton, and, with these two at the head of affairs, something like a complete revolution must of necessity take place in the attitude of the Executive towards the people. We have not hesitated to speak freely and strongly as to what we conceive to be the duty of the new Irish Government in face of the difficulties by which it is confronted. Many steps have still to be taken before the people of Ireland can feel that they have reached the reasonable goal of their desires, and we confidently expect to see the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary taking those steps without fear or faltering, though at the same time without any undue haste or yielding to momentary pressure. But, on the other hand, the Irish people will do well to remember that they have a duty of their own to fulfil, not merely to themselves, but to the great political party which has bound up its own interests with theirs, which has sacrificed much for their sake, and which is steadfastly determined to pursue to the end the policy of conciliation it has deliberately adopted and to which it has clung so strenuously alike through good and evil report. No man asks them to indulge in any extravagant or premature exultation over the change of government. Neither Lord Houghton nor Mr. Morley will expect from them the display of enthusiasm which comes as the best reward of services actually performed. But this, at least, the Liberals of Great Britain have a right to ask of the Irish people, that they will give the new rulers of the country a fair field, that they will abstain from niggling and ungenerous criticism of their actions, and that they will, as far as may be possible, drive doubt and suspicion from their own minds whilst the representatives of the new Government and the new Parliament are engaged in the first portion of their arduous and responsible task.

The plant of confidence is, we know, one of slow growth; but the seed has already been sown, and it is for the interests alike of Irishmen and Englishmen that it should be allowed to spring up and to bear fruit without let or hindrance. Speaking as English Liberals, we can at least say that we have sent to Ireland the men whom we believe best fitted to win the confidence of the Irish people and to solve the great problem that has been entrusted to them; and we trust and believe that, with every day that passes, Irishmen themselves will more fully recognise this fact, and will give to their new rulers that loyal support and co-operation without which they can hardly hope to succeed.

THE MORAL OF SOUTH BEDFORDSHIRE.

NOW that South Bedfordshire has been saved by the ability of Mr. Howard Whitbread and the staunchness of the agricultural labourers, there is plenty of time to consider why it was so nearly lost. During the final week of the contest the Tories confidently reckoned on winning, and the hopes of the Liberals did not go beyond a majority of five hundred. The actual majority was two hundred and forty-two. The Liberal candidate was an excellent one, the popular son of a universally respected father. Colonel Duke was also a good specimen of Mr. Chamberlain's followers. What, then, accounted for the increase of Colonel Duke's poll and the diminution of the Liberal forces? First and foremost we must consider the circumstances which created the vacancy. Mr. Cyril Flower—now Lord Battersea—made a great many Radical speeches at the General Election, in which he denounced the House of Lords with much fluency, and declared for the more drastic branch of Mr. Morley's alternative. The common people heard him gladly, and believed what he said. Only those who have come into contact with the masses in times of political excitement can realise the hatred of the "Upper House" which prevails among them. They know what useless lives most Peers lead, and how low is the intellectual average of these hereditary legislators. They are well aware that five Peers out of six systematically neglect and evade the duties which the Constitution has imposed upon them. They have learned that the House of Lords never initiates any useful reform; cares for nothing except the privileges of its own class, and resists every Liberal measure until reduced to surrender by fear of consequences. What is the use, they ask themselves, of our electing our own representatives, if the House of Commons is to be at the mercy of men with no credentials whatever? It is not that the working classes dislike titles as such. They have no feeling about baronets except languid and tranquil indifference. What they cannot endure is the pretence of these men, who are in no respect better than their neighbours, and who have, in Mr. Chamberlain's words, "not a shadow or a shade of representative authority," to legislate for the nation and to sit in judgment upon the real representatives of the people. With such a monstrous and indefensible absurdity as the House of Lords a Liberal Administration should have no dealings and make no terms. It is inconsistent to attack the House of Lords at one moment and to make peers at another. For the purpose of destroying aristocratic resistance to popular demands, the simultaneous creation of five hundred peers might be justifiable. When the Lords threw out Lord Grey's Reform Bill, Mr. Stanley, afterwards Lord Derby, proposed, with characteristic impetuosity, to "clap coronets on a company of Her Majesty's foot-guards." But Lord

Battersea and Lord Playfair will be an infinitesimal contribution to an infinitesimal minority. Small wonder that many Radicals in South Bedfordshire should have been shaken, not so much in their political principles as in their personal confidence, by Mr. Flower's sudden acceptance of a peerage.

The influence of the publicans in South Bedfordshire was very strong, and was, of course, exerted in favour of Colonel Duke. So it always has been, and so it always will be, until the publican and the brewer are put in their proper place. It is waste of time to abuse them. With a few distinguished exceptions, like Mr. Whitbread and Lord Burton, they act after their kind. Their politics are like the religion of the tradesmen who made silver shrines for Diana. Their craft is in danger, and they are up in arms. Some day they will find that local option has not killed them, and that popular control is better than magisterial caprice. Until this change has been made the publicans will be the masters and not the servants of the public. The magistrates are mostly Tories and opposed to the serious reduction of licences. The people know their own wants, and would make short work of superfluous drinking-shops. We may depend upon it that at every bye-election the enormous wealth which the trade in liquor produces will be poured out like water to procure the success of Tory candidates. There were some features peculiar to South Bedfordshire, such as the late member's lavish pecuniary gifts and the general distribution of a placard bearing the words, "Mr. Labouchere says the country is sick of Home Rule." But the main points were the influence of the publicans and the feeling against the House of Lords. The Lords have few friends even among Conservatives, and for a Liberal Government to consider them in any way would be the purest folly. The time has gone by for cutting down valuable measures and limiting the application of sound principles lest the House of Lords should be angry and throw the Bill out. The more Bills the Lords throw out the better. Since Lord Salisbury came into office the Lords have done no good and little harm. Their period of mischievous activity always begins with the advent of a Liberal Ministry to power. The House of Lords is not a second Chamber to revise the errors of haste or of carelessness. It is a party club which lends itself for electioneering purposes to the traditional enemies of social and political improvement.

GUARANTEES OF PEACE.

THE one reassuring feature of Count Kalnoky's rather comfortless speech to the Austrian Delegations was the uncertainty with which he was forced to refer to England's attitude towards the Triple Alliance. This beneficent freedom of action which we have preserved is, in the present situation, positively the one guarantee of European peace. Only the foolish or the blind can delude themselves into any other belief. With Germany about to press into the army her last recruitable man, with Austria at the same time increasing her armaments, with Italy drifting fast to bankruptcy, Europe was never in such danger of a conflagration. It is a moment when, to both one and the other of the leagued antagonists, the temptation to begin the inevitable conflict is exceptionally strong. France and Russia would have an interest in striking before Germany can complete her armaments; the Triple Alliance would have as strong an interest in striking before Russia has recovered from her famine or the state of Italy grows much worse. The one thing which stays the hand of the would-be aggressor is fear of what England may choose to do as against

the Power which is first to break the peace. If this wholesome uncertainty were put an end to, either by England tying herself up by a treaty with the Triple Alliance, or pledging herself to absolute non-interference, the peace of Europe would not be worth twenty-four hours' purchase. The Triple Alliance, certain of a protected Italian coast line, and of the powerful co-operation of the British fleet in the Baltic and the North Sea, would have no further cause for hesitation. On the other hand, France and Russia, assured that England would stand aside, even though they were the aggressors, and leave Italy to her own resources to defend her coasts against the French fleet, would similarly have their chief cause of hesitation removed. Britain, indeed, with her incomparable maritime power, Britain reserving to herself absolute freedom of action, is in the commanding position of being able to preserve the peace. Each day that passes vindicates the wisdom of the policy which places her in that position, and increases the responsibility of those who would interfere with her in the fulfilling of so onerous and beneficent a rôle.

Yet there are those who would interfere with her to a very upsetting extent. There is a party in England and in India which is for ever striving to push the British Government into the arms of Germany and her allies, and urging the formation of a Quadruple, instead of a Triple, Alliance. It is worth while, at such a juncture, looking at some of the reasoning by which this party justifies its line of action. A fair insight into the mind of what we may roughly call the military party, so far, at least, as public expression goes, is usually to be had from the *United Service Magazine*. Of late Colonel Maurice and others have been tackling the Triple Alliance in its pages, and in the current number they have called to judgment on their behalf no less a Daniel than Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, erstwhile apostle of peace at any price. Sir Mountstuart, who was hailed by the *Standard* the other day with enthusiasm, as the new Jingo prophet, who has renounced his peace principles as he has his Liberalism, turns out, when his utterance is closely examined, to be more of a Balaam than a Daniel. For, though he begins by seeming to bless the idea of our allying ourselves with the Central Powers, he ends by emphatically damning it. His argument for supporting the Triple Alliance is that it is the league of peace: "the *status quo* is the ultimate object of its desires;" whereas France and Russia are the disturbing powers. But later he expresses this misgiving: "If England were quite certain to join heart and soul with the Central Powers, might they not be induced to get out of the iron circle of armed peace by re-creating Poland as against Russia, and finishing the work as against France, which was left half finished in 1871?" The leopard does not change his spots, nor the peace-at-any-price man his habit of mind, and Sir M. Grant Duff does not wind up otherwise than by warning his country against "entangling alliances."

The military argument in favour of our joining the Triple Alliance is of a different kind. It is based upon the theory that we need the help of the Triple Alliance to defend India against Russia. An examination of this theory will reveal something of the character of that military intellect which is so dominant in the councils of the Indian Government just now, and to which we owe these frontier expeditions and constant advancements of outposts. It will be seen whether the distrust we have often expressed of the wisdom of such statesmen is unreasonable, or whether we have exaggerated the danger which lies in the fact of their having so much provocative opportunity in their

hands. The military argument is that it is necessary for the safety of India that Russia should be wiped out of Central Asia, and that, to accomplish that purpose, we shall need the co-operation of the Triple Alliance. We must conduct a war which is to end with the cession of every Russian vessel on the Caspian, and of the port of Krasnovodsk. The Russian power in Central Asia must be completely destroyed. *Delenda est Carthago!* These are the sentiments expressed by a military writer, quoted by Sir M. Grant Duff, who is "believed to speak the opinions of one of the greatest of living soldiers." It is not the dream of a lunatic, but of a British Commander-in-Chief. Consider it for a moment from the mere financial point of view. The two Afghan wars cost us £60,000,000. It is putting it at a very moderate figure to say that to hold the enormous southern frontier line of Russia in Asia would alone cost us £200,000,000. This is taking no account of other contingencies; and it is leaving the expenditure in human life, and the accompanying performance in Europe which this policy would require, to the imagination. Before such schemes of conquest and carnage the mere civilian intelligence stands appalled. But Alexander, Hannibal, Napoleon, never had more ambitious visions than these soaring Indian militarists. Sir M. Grant Duff likens such talk to the excited language of those Russian soldiers who imagine they are going to turn us out of India. "They could not do it, we could not perform the corresponding operation, and it would be a hideous calamity to mankind if either of us could succeed in such Quixotic designs." But perhaps the most serious feature of these speculations is not so much their recklessness as their stupidity and ineptitude, their want of grasp of the realities of the situation. Russia no more could conquer India, if we only strengthen our natural frontier, and no more desires to undertake the task, than we could destroy the Russian power in Asia, capture Krasnovodsk, and sweep the Caspian of the last Russian ship. Yet such are the dreams of the military rulers of India, who can never rest unless they are watching and baiting the Bear beyond the frontier; and it is chiefly to further such projects that England is urged to surrender her freedom of action in Europe, and bind herself fast to the Triple Alliance.

THE INDIAN CURRENCY

IT is reported from Simla that the Viceroy has informed the Indian Currency Association that Lord Kimberley has decided upon the appointment of a Committee, presided over by Lord Herschell, to inquire into the Indian Currency Law. Everyone will approve of the decision. The Indian Government has made strong representations to our own on the subject, and an association has been formed in India to advocate a change. It is only respectful on the part of the authorities in London to take note of this and to institute a searching inquiry. The composition of the Committee is not known, but we may take it for granted that its members will be experts competent to advise the Secretary of State for India. While, however, inquiry is expedient, we venture to predict that the more the subject is considered the stronger will the conviction grow that no change ought to be made at present. There is too much apprehension to allow of calm judgment being exercised in India, and, besides, nobody can foresee at present what will prove to be the permanent value of silver. Two years ago the United States Government undertook to purchase fifty-four million ounces of silver every year, being nearly half the total production of the world. The first result was

a wild speculation, which rushed up the price of the metal; after a while the speculation broke down, and there has been a fall even greater than the previous rise. If the American Government repeals the Act of 1890, as is generally believed at home and abroad that it will do, natural laws will assert themselves and silver will attain a comparatively stable value. It may be, of course, that the metal will become so utterly depreciated as no longer to be fit for a money standard; but it may be, on the other hand, that so many mines will be closed that the price will recover considerably. While so great uncertainty exists it would be unstatesmanlike to make a change that would affect so seriously the well-being of a population so large as that of all Europe. It may at once be admitted that members of the civil and military services resident in India suffer a loss, when they have to send money to Europe for the maintenance of their families, or for any other purpose. But the services, as the very name implies, exist for the benefit of the country, and no reasonable man would maintain deliberately that the monetary system of a great Empire ought to be determined by the interest of the services. Officials in India have a right to adequate remuneration for their services—beyond that they have no claim. The Indian Government is only the servant of the population whose affairs it administers, and its interests have to be considered only in so far as they affect those of the population. The real question to be solved, then, is—Does the depreciation of silver injure the Indian people so much that it has become necessary to alter the currency of the Empire?

Sudden and violent fluctuations in the standard of value undoubtedly disarrange trade, since they make it impossible to foresee from day to day what will be the worth of the money for which goods are to be sold. But the sudden and violent fluctuations in silver during the past two years are the result of American legislation, and will cease as soon as the United States gives up its unwise experiment. As soon as the Governments of the world recognise that they cannot by legislation fix the value of silver, the price of that metal will become moderately stable, and then trade will adapt itself to the new conditions. Trade may be as profitable and as active with a low value for silver as with a high. If that be so—and no competent person will deny it—the Indian population cannot suffer because silver is depreciated. The Europeans in India, however, cannot see this. They know that they are suffering themselves, and they assume that the whole population must be suffering likewise. Their favourite panacea just now is the closing of the Indian mints against all but the Indian Government. At present a merchant in Europe can send silver to India, have it coined there, and with the proceeds discharge his debts. The Europeans argue that this intensifies the depreciation of silver, and they urge that coinage for private parties should be stopped, but that the Government should retain the right to coin as much as may be required. If this were done, they say, the value of the rupee could be raised, or, at all events, could be prevented from falling. That is by no means certain; but, even if it could, injury would be inflicted upon Indian trade. India competes at the present time with China in the tea trade, and for several years past has practically been driving China out of the London market. If, however, the value of the rupee were kept, let us say, at 1s. 3d. of our money, but the silver in the rupee was worth only 1s., then the rupee would be at a premium of 25 per cent.; consequently, China would have an advantage to the extent of 25 per cent. in the competition with India. Either, therefore, tea cultivation in India would have to cease, or wages and

prices in India would have to fall. But a fall of anything like 25 per cent. in general prices in India would bring on a catastrophe. Moreover, from time immemorial the Indian people have been hoarding silver, chiefly in the form of ornaments. Even very poor people so hoard. If the advice of the Europeans in India were adopted, the hoards of silver all over the Empire would be greatly depreciated. In case of famine or emergency of any kind the Indian people could not send their ornaments to the mint to be coined, and would have to take whatever could be got for them in the market. Thus the result of the plan would be to impoverish the whole native population and not improbably to create serious political discontent. At the same time India would be deprived of a real standard of value. The rupee would retain, of course, its legal tender character, but its value would be fixed not as at present by the value of the silver in it, but by the manipulation of the Government. Is it not certain that the injury thus inflicted upon the whole native population would immensely outweigh any loss that may now be caused by the depreciation of silver?

Another plan proposed is to adopt a gold standard, retaining, of course, the existing rupees in circulation, but not coining any more of them. The plan would be better than the closing of the mints, for, at all events, it would give India a real standard of value. But it would be attended by very serious consequences. India has from time immemorial been the greatest purchaser of silver in the world. If India ceased to be so it is certain that the value of silver would fall ruinously. The native princes, the landowners and great capitalists, even the humblest peasants, would find that their savings were rendered valueless by the act of their own Government. At the same time the Indian tea trade would be almost or altogether destroyed. Is it not obvious, then, that any possible change at the present time would make matters worse instead of better? and is it not the part of statesmanship, therefore, to wait and see what will be the consequence of the stoppage by the Government of the United States of the purchase of silver? It may be that silver will fall so low as no longer to be adapted to serve as a standard of value. In that case an alteration will have to be made at whatever cost to the native population; but, until it is proved clearly that the change must be made, it would be worse than folly to rush upon adventure. India is a very poor country, with a costly Government, a heavy debt, and formidable political difficulties. She cannot afford to make experiments like the United States with a light heart. Her Government is bound to protect her as far as it can from risk and loss, and it ought to think twice—and even three times—before adopting a policy injurious to her people at the instigation of the European residents. After all, the home trade is far more important than the foreign trade; and the home trade is benefited, not damaged, by cheap silver—India, that is to say, gets the silver she requires for carrying on her business at home at a lower cost than formerly. She has to give for it a smaller quantity of her goods. Surely that is a material advantage, and, added to all the considerations just advanced, affords another reason for delay before making any change.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE calm that pervades European politics at present has been broken this week only by one or two signs of impending storm in the Balkan peninsula, and by rumours of serious difficulties during the Parliamentary sessions which are about to open in most of the countries of Western

Europe. The Russian remonstrance to the Porte on its recent action in respect to Bulgaria, which was transmitted to Constantinople in the middle of August, proves, now that it is published in full, to be even more minatory than was expected. But the reply of the Porte is conciliatory. The friction between Greece and Bulgaria as to the prohibition of the language of the former in the Greek-speaking districts of Eastern Roumelia (which has caused Greece to send a formal protest to the Great Powers) seems likely to be modified by some concession on the part of the Bulgarian Government; the meeting of the Austro-Hungarian Delegations at Buda-Pesth has occasioned the most reassuring declarations from the Emperor and his Foreign Minister as to the prospects of European peace; and the only other incidents of international importance are the election of a Spaniard—Father Martin—as General of the Jesuits, the process having been carried out with the utmost secrecy and mystery at the Monastery of the founder of the Order in Spain, and the arrival at Fez of a French mission to the Sultan of Morocco, who appears still disinclined to observe the ordinary rules of diplomatic intercourse. To judge by the daily papers, both these events are far less important than the barbarously cruel long-distance ride between Berlin and Vienna, which proves little except that Hungarian horses and horsemen are better than German.

The cholera, meanwhile, declines, but does not depart. It is still raging in parts of Russia, notably along the Volga and in the Caucasus. It has appeared at Odessa, exists in many parts of South-West Russia, and about ten days ago established itself at Buda-Pesth, though the fact was not announced for a week. The cases are not numerous, but its prevalence in this cold weather bodes ill for next summer. In St. Petersburg, Hamburg, and northern France it is declining more rapidly.

The reply of the Comte de Paris, published last Saturday, to M. d'Haussonville's speech, prophesies that in some "terrible and perhaps not distant crisis" France will again seek a king, and insists, in doctrinaire fashion, that only a monarchy on a broadly democratic basis can secure social reform, while preserving public order and the liberty of labour.

Certainly the Carmaux strike so far has not exhibited the power of the Republic to do either. Arbitration is demanded by the Press, and the dispute has reduced itself to a mere point of form. M. Calvignac (the mayor whom the Company dismissed) wants to be taken back without salary, but with permanent leave of absence during his mayoralty. The Company refuses this concession as tending to create a privileged class of *employés*. Meanwhile, however, some of the men are attempting to return to work, and pickets headed by Deputies have been patrolling the streets guarding suspected houses and the entrances to the mines. Ten miners were convicted on Tuesday at Albi of riot and forcible entry during the attack on the manager's house on August 15th, and sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from four months to a week. There was a noisy scene in court, and their wives, returning from the trial, were received at the station by a large crowd; but there was no street demonstration. There was, however, an indoor meeting, at which a Deputy said that "for a workman, a conviction was equivalent to a decoration," and which sang the *Carmagnole*. The Cabinet is again contemplating intervention, but the result is unknown as we go to Press.

M. Renan's body has been lying in State at the Collège de France. A civil funeral, at the expense of the State, was to take place yesterday morning. Eventually his body will be buried at the Panthéon.

A decisive French victory is announced in Dahomey.

The anniversary of General Boulanger's death was celebrated quietly enough at his grave in the cemetery of Ixelles, at Brussels, on Saturday after-

noon. MM. Deroulède, Naquet, Millevoye, and other leading Boulangists had engagements elsewhere. M. Henri Rochefort delivered a non-political oration.

The Constitutional Revision Committees of the Belgian Chamber and Senate are both in session. At the former M. Paul Janson made an important speech on Monday, arguing that the franchise was a right, and exclusion from it a penalty—to be inflicted only on criminals, bankrupts, and other disgraced persons. He indicated that he was willing to agree also to a qualification of one year's residence. The speech made a great impression, and all the members but one now favour manhood suffrage. The Committee of the Senate has had before it a scheme for "representation of interests" in that body—e.g., agriculture, commerce, manufactures, the medical and educational professions, and other classes of society. M. Féron, a prominent advanced Liberal, in a lecture at Ghent, has proposed that these representatives should be elected directly by universal suffrage, not exclusively by the classes they severally represent. A plan for proportional representation in the Chamber (by grouping single-member districts), also under consideration, is intended to obviate the present coincidence of the Liberal and Clerical constituencies with the Walloon and Flemish districts respectively. Only one distinctly Flemish constituency returns Liberals, so that Belgium tends to be two nations.

There seems little prospect of the settlement recently predicted of the long-standing political conflict in Denmark. The King is not disposed to accept a Moderate Liberal Ministry; the Moderate Liberals hesitate to grant the Estrup Cabinet an indemnity for the constitutional irregularities of the last eleven years, even in return for an offer just made privately of fresh measures of social reform; the Radicals are still irreconcilable, and demand the abandonment of the existing fortifications on the ground that they are too expensive to keep up; and the King and the Conservatives are credited with the design of forcing on an extensive and costly scheme of national defence. Neither the Conservatives nor the Moderate Liberals are agreed among themselves, and the outlook is stormier than ever.

The German Army Bill is now before the Federal Council. The fact that the Prussian Ministry has not had adequate time to consider it has been regarded in some quarters as a violation of the Constitution—a charge which has been met with a detailed semi-official contradiction.

Three thousand and five retail traders of Cologne (who state that they are "practically all") have petitioned the Federal Council and the Emperor to modify (i.e., to abolish) the new Sunday Rest Law. They assure the latter that Sunday rest tends to make their *employés*, not more religious, but more pleasure-seeking and discontented; that statistics will show it is unfavourable to morality; and that it is bad political economy to hamper trade (which can bear no restraint), and to "collect experience from the ruin of many a poor trader." The Chamber of Commerce of Upper Bavaria is preparing to agitate in the same sense.

Though the Italian General Election is fixed for to-morrow fortnight, there is curiously little electoral news. The fact is, there is virtually no Opposition. The split in the Extreme Left, the only party with a policy, but which held only 44 seats in the last Chamber out of 508, reduces it to impotence; and Ministers seem almost afraid that their majority will be inconveniently large. They are not anxious for the support of the Right, and would be glad to see party government restored. As it is, the election will simply be a question of men, not measures. Signor Ferrari (who last May seceded from the Extreme Left), speaking on Sunday, urged the Ministry to a democratic reform of taxation, and promised it the support of the democracy in the work. But no Italian Ministry can do anything of the sort while it is bound by the present foreign policy of the country and the King. However, it is stated that the Cabinet have effected an equilibrium of the

estimates, without imposing any new tax. As the deficit was increasing two months ago, the details of their proposals will be awaited with curiosity. Signor Crispi is to speak next week at Palermo.

The session of the Austrian and Hungarian delegations at Buda-Pesth, which opened last Saturday, has been marked not only by reassuring speeches as to the prospect of peace in Europe from the Emperor and Count Kalnoky, but by a declaration from the latter (in reply to the queries of a Young Czech member, M. Eym), that the Austro-German treaty of alliance contains no secret clauses, and that both it and the Austro-Italian treaty are simply defensive. Other violent speeches by Herr Eym, and the presence of an ultra-Nationalist in the Hungarian delegation, have not greatly disturbed the general harmony of the proceedings. The Emperor, in conversation with the delegates, has emphatically condemned anti-Semitism. To Count Kalnoky's speech we refer elsewhere. The trial of the Custom House officials and others accused of frauds on the revenue in the Bukowina has ended in the conviction of fourteen and acquittal of eight of the accused. The highest sentence is four years' imprisonment. Strong comments were made from the Bench on the almost universal corruption disclosed. A Ministerial crisis is apprehended in Hungary on the mixed marriage question.

The Swiss canton of Ticino on Sunday adopted, by (about) 8,000 to 1,250 votes, an ultra-democratic Constitution, including the Referendum, the Initiative, "the dismissal of the Government by the people" (the details of the process to be fixed hereafter), and popular election of all judges. These provisions are to be tempered by minority representation.

A trial trip was made last Saturday over the new mountain railway, thirteen miles long, from Lauterbrunnen to Grindelwald over the Wengern Alp. The journey will take three or four hours. Each train will consist of one passenger carriage and one parcels van, which indicates that the Wengern Alp will ere long be covered with villas.

The reply of the Porte to the Russian note remonstrating against the reception of M. Stambouloff, the sending of an Imperial Commissioner to the Exhibition at Philippopolis, and the publication of the documents obtained by the Bulgarian Government from the ex-dragoman of the Roumanian Legislation at Bucharest, and alleged by the Russian Government to be forgeries, is remarkably conciliatory in tone. It assures the Russian Government that the two former acts have not the significance ascribed to them, and that its Commissioner at Sofia is instructed to condemn the publication of the documents in the strongest terms.

The election contest in America is complicated by a fresh revolt in New York State against Tammany Hall, which must injure Mr. Cleveland's chances in that "pivotal State." The Democrats carry Florida and Georgia easily against the People's Party, and are coalescing with that party for State politics in the North-West, which may secure some of the new States for Cleveland.

General Crespo has completely defeated the Government forces, and was to lead his army into Caracas on Thursday. The foreign residents not unnaturally felt some apprehension of outrage.

LORD TENNYSON.

BY the death of Lord Tennyson at a green old age English literature has been robbed of its brightest luminary. We now know the worst. Our nakedness is undisguised. We have little left to lose. Thousands of hearts are clad in mourning, for it was the glory of Tennyson to be at once consummate and popular, to stir the heart of the simple and to arouse the enthusiasm of the scholar. Like Spenser, he was a poet's poet; like Longfellow, he

was a people's. Generations of men and women have passed their lives from childhood to maturity under his charm. As boys and girls they raved about "The Lady of Shalott," "The Miller's Daughter," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," and "The May Queen"; as they exchanged childhood for youth they found what their new state demanded in the passion of "Maud," and the silvery melancholy of "In Memoriam"; as grown men and women they rejoiced over the magnificent vigour of the later Ballads and Poems, whilst their delight in the poet's mastery of his craft grew keener day by day.

This is not the time to attempt any detailed criticism of the last great poet of the nineteenth century. We stand to-day by an open grave soon to hide from us those noble features which have stamped themselves indelibly upon all loving memories. How enormous, how incalculable is the debt of gratitude we owe to Tennyson! What a barrier he built with his own hands against the incursions of vulgarity—of low and depraved tastes in life and art! What a lesson to poets, if ever again we have any! What a school for humanity! His poems are everywhere, in every kind of edition. Wherever the English language, which he did so much to keep pure and undefiled, has travelled, Tennyson has followed in its wake—giving pleasure, exalting courage, purifying taste.

Tennyson's life scarcely needs telling. He was born on the 6th of August, 1809, one of the many sons of a country parson. He was early made acquainted in his Lincolnshire home with those blowing winds, ridged wolds, and the panorama of the sky, which his verse has glorified and carried into the hearts of thousands who else might have remained stupidly impassive to their charm.

From the first Tennyson bore the stamp of greatness, that undefinable something, which is the true, as it is the only nobility. At Trinity College, Cambridge, and in his early London life the men who knew him never had any doubt about him. He was not as other men. Nobody besought him to read for the Bar or to take orders or "to do" anything. There he was and there he would remain till his hour came. His early poems contained a little to make the groundlings laugh, but nothing to make the judicious grieve. "Young Mr. Tennyson" had that in him which made all men pause. When ridiculed, the author of "Lilian," and "Isabel," and "Mariana," and "Madeline" could hit back harder than any of the black-fisted crew who jostled one another in the Grub Street of the day. Happily he had seldom any occasion to teach anyone manners. He first found his audience, as all true poets do, amongst the younger race. The elders sat for a while in the seat of the scornful, and declared the new poet unintelligible, but their criticisms died upon their lips. Tennyson's poetry, like the sunrise in "Pippa Passes," was not to be suppressed; it soon rose, "reddened, grew bold, and overleapt the world." For many a long year he has been declared unapproachable, and, like the nightingale, has enjoyed "a glorious privacy of light." Those comparisons which were once so popular between Tennyson and Browning have long ceased to be of much interest. Tennyson was not so passionate a poet, nor did he touch upon so many themes of human interest, as his great contemporary; but in the field of pure poetry, when regarded as masters of poetic diction, the first place must always be given, without question or demur, to the author of "The Lotos Eaters," "Ulysses," "Lucretius," and many other classical pieces. But, as we have already said, this is no time for criticism. It is our hour of sorrow for an exceeding heavy loss.

Lord Tennyson was a man of great reading, delightful humour, and wide observation. His knowledge of poetry was as accurate as his ear was nice. He had a genuine affection for our old writers, and the heartiest appreciation of their various humours. His acquaintance with literature was

that intimate acquaintance born of love and long companionship, which so gloriously distinguishes the real man of letters from even the most brilliant of *littérateurs*.

Tennyson had a true Briton's heart, and delighted in travels, adventures, and deeds of *derring-do*. If in later life his politics took a gloomy hue, it was because he thought he noticed signs of decline in our national valour and prowess, and for no other reason. He sought no refuge for his melancholy behind churches, and wrote, *thank heaven!* no "Ecclesiastical Sonnets."

His character was marked and even dominated by that simplicity which is the essential note of real greatness. At the same time, he was a man of sound judgment, always well able to take care of himself if need was. Above everything else he loved to live his own life. His fiercest notes were sounded when gossip and scandal blackened the air. The "new journalism," as it is called—though there is nothing particularly new about it, except the extent of its circulation—was not at all to his mind.

"For now the Poet cannot die
Nor leave his music as of old.
But round him ere he scarce be cold
Begins the scandal and the cry :
Proclaim the faults he would not show,
Break lock and seal—betray the trust :
Keep nothing sacred : 'tis but just
The many-headed Beast should know."

The dead Tennyson need fear nothing from scandal. His life was as immaculate as his verse.

Perhaps the best tribute we can pay to his genius is to abolish the office he held since the death of Wordsworth. Let us have no more Laureates. The line began gloriously with Ben Jonson, let it end magnificently with Alfred Tennyson.

THE mirror of the Victorian age is broken. Writers remain capable of portraying their time with fidelity and power in detached departments, or in its more superficial characteristics, but the volume which embodied its inner spirit is now a finished book. Ere another seer equally gifted can arise, the age itself will have passed away; the Tennysons of the twentieth century will be inspired by other ideas than those which moulded the epoch of Victoria. But the sublimated essence of this period, so peculiarly swayed by ideas, will survive in Tennyson's page as indestructibly as the humours and manners of Anne's time exist in Pope and Addison. It is true that, though the Laureate could and did paint humours and manners with exquisite nicety, such painting was not his especial vocation. It is also true that, though very real, he was by no means a realist. The humour of a Thackeray, the realism of a Trollope or a George Eliot, are needed to supplement his picture. To George Eliot, in particular, those who would know the English middle-class of this century must repair for all time. But if Tennyson was not an exact photographer, he was something much higher and rarer, a great painter. He saw his age as Velasquez and Watts saw their sitters. In his page it appears purged of everything trivial or accidental, of everything which, though superficially exact, is really unessential to its most intimate nature; ideal in a measure, yet more truly real than a merely realistic treatment could ever have made it. His work has been prolonged through two generations, and scarcely any thought which has really moved these generations will be found absent from it. Particular ideas may be accentuated more forcibly by other men of genius, such as Kingsley and Arnold and Clough; but with these writers they are the substance of a gospel, while in Tennyson they are single notes in a great harmony.

Nothing, when Tennyson began to write, could have seemed less probable than that he should have attained this particular distinction. His first poems exhibit a profusion of fancy and melody, but nothing to indicate any power of embodying the intellectual

movement of his age. Stuart Mill's prediction that he would acquire a philosophy, and become a great philosophical poet, has always seemed to us a splendid flash of intuition rather than a logical inference from actual data. When, however, after ten years' silence, the poet came forward with work, partly revised, partly mature, Mill's judgment was seen to be vindicated. No one could doubt the depth of "Ulysses" or "The Vision of Sin," or question that the yearnings of the age had for the first time found adequate expression in "Locksley Hall." "The Princess," his next work, seemed to many a relapse—it looked artificial and fantastic—and it remained for the succeeding generation to demonstrate how much further and better the poet had seen than his contemporaries. "In Memoriam" placed its writer without contest on the very pinnacle of philosophical poetry: the miracle was the perfect fusion of the poetical and philosophical elements. Others, from Lucretius downwards, have obtained grace for prosaic disquisition by occasional bursts of splendid writing. In Tennyson, as in Pope, with whom he has much in common, speculation is interpenetrated by poetry, thought and pleasure are an indissoluble whole. The lyrical emotion generated by the peculiar circumstances under which the work was composed doubtless contributed largely to this result. In "Maud" the poet again becomes national, and expresses that patriotism which is the touchstone of civic worth with an intensity of language fully matching the intensity of that noblest and most passionate of emotions. As in "Locksley Hall," the keynote is a private sorrow; but it is very noticeable how in both private anguish is speedily absorbed in public duty, and how the poet who could express domestic griefs with such piercing intensity as could the author of "Edward Gray," "Flow down, cold rivulet," and similar pieces, is at the same time the most fervent advocate of great national causes. In his next work, "Idylls of the King," the poet entirely fulfilled his intention of painting an idealised Britain for the contemplation of contemporary Britain. He never had the least intention of representing the Arthurian heroes after the pattern of the *Morte d'Arthur*, and the criticism that he has made them people of the nineteenth century is, in reality, no censure. He has done neither more nor less than his mediaeval predecessor, Sir Thomas Malory, did before him. The first four Idylls were, no doubt, superior in poetical merit to their successors, and mark the poet's culminating period. Yet, if he was not fated to add very greatly to his poetical reputation, scarcely any poet writing to so advanced an age has maintained it so nearly at the same high level. His animation remains almost unimpaired, mannerisms take little hold of him, he does not repeat himself or write merely for writing's sake: in all these respects a contrast, not only to Wordsworth and Browning, but to the ever-youthful Goethe, except the Goethe of the last act of the second part of *Faust*. While such elaborate compositions as "Enoch Arden" and "Lucretius" vie with any of his earlier poems, in minor pieces he seems occasionally to sally forth and attain a greater height in some particular direction than ever before. "Tithonus," for instance, is grander, though not deeper, than its companion soliloquies; "Rizpah" is more intensely passionate than anything of his out of "Maud"; "Helen's Tower" is more exquisite than any *pièce de circonstance* written by another man; and "The Bar" is perhaps the nearest approach to absolute lyrical perfection that even he has given us. His name will not be inscribed on the list of those who have written themselves out.

So long as we contemplate Tennyson's work by itself there is no room for anything like disparagement. It will, however, be necessary to compare him with his predecessors, especially the five great poets of the last generation, whose work he has, in a manner, continued, and with his chief contemporary rival, Robert Browning. We cannot, for

our part, consider him to have been so splendidly gifted with native genius as any of the six; he is a poet of the same rank, but he stands a little lower in that rank. But he is superior to all of them in art, and still more eminently in fortune. He was not cut off prematurely, like Shelley and Keats; nor did his sun go down at noon, like Byron's and Coleridge's; nor did he survive his best powers, like Wordsworth and Browning. If less elevated than they, he is more ornate and diversified; if less potent, he is more opulent; if less spontaneous in inspiration, he is more consummate in execution. Many may—we hardly can—consider this sufficient compensation for his deficiencies; the real and sufficient compensation is to have been what none of his greater brethren were—the representative of his age, and the poet of his nation. Yesterday the contemporary English Parnassus was a monarchy, to-day it is a republic.

RENA.

IN Ernest Renan Europe has lost her most picturesque man of letters. He knew better than any contemporary how to adorn whatever he touched. In his hands the distinction between science and literature ceased. All his science, whether philological or historical, was literary, though not all his literature was scientific. Much of the charm he gave to his work was due to what we may term his habit of objective introspection. He has exhibited himself in all his changing moods in his historical characters, and he has reproduced his historical characters in the successive phases of his own autobiography. But his subjectivity was never morbid, was rather sunnily objective. He made literature out of his self-consciousness, just as Newman made religious apologetics. Others took him more seriously than he took himself. They did not see what he never forgot, that the picturesque was needed to change the actual into ideal truth, and so he was always taking us into confidences that were more charming than communicative or illuminating. He knew the value of atmosphere, and had the skill to give us just the precise degree necessary for the effect he desired. We know his Breton home, with its sea now radiant and calm, now dark and stormy, its broken coast-line and its islands, its quaint towns, its old-worldliness, its simple peasantry, with their ancient customs, pieties, and legends; and we are grateful to the sunny and emotional spirit in which they are reflected for our delectation. He does not trouble us too much with himself—only enough to make us understand the lost and beautiful world out of which he came. He does not come to us like Newman, and challenge us to accept his sincerity as evidence of the truth of his beliefs. He is not certain that sincerity, in Newman's sense, is a good thing, or is sincere; indeed, he is quite certain that if it is real it is very simple, and is significant only of the peculiar quality and experiences of the man. He himself has come a much farther way than Newman, and through a vaster revolution, but only to find that truth and peace do not lie in the way to Rome. His was a childhood of faith; he was born to an inheritance of piety, and learned to trust Mother Church in all things, and to the uttermost. And the trust was easy in his simple Breton world; but once the schools had taught him knowledge, and philosophy had forced him to think, and learning to inquire, he discovered that the Church he trusted had determined certain things to be true he now knew to be false. And this knowledge was the end of his faith; but in losing it he surrendered himself to influences that came from souls he loved. And his positive message to his age was to show what a happy world it could be if men only lovingly lived in the society of love.

Renan's work was of a very mixed character. He has written many a dubious sentence, but

never an uninteresting line. His most famous and perhaps also his most characteristic book is his least satisfactory. It exhibited on a magnificent scale all his defects, and minimised all his excellencies, except indeed his inimitable gift of style. For so sentimentally imaginative a person he was singularly void of reverence, and for so good a scholar as singularly deficient in historical sense. He was more led by his aesthetic instincts than by his scientific judgment, if indeed he could be said to have had such a thing. He was always at his best as a scholar where the emotional imagination had least play, and at his worst where it presided over the grouping of his material. Its action can be seen in the part he assigns to women, and to the feminine in man. He himself was here intensely sensitive. His mother became to him a sort of *diva mater*, his sister was the inspiring genius of the "Vie de Jésus," while his wife and daughter were the main sources of the seeming optimism which was all that survived of the old religion. He may be said to have understood the eternal womanliness of Jesus without any of the manhood, and, of course, the one without the other was imperfect and impure. Francis of Assisi was, because of his feminine qualities, one of his great heroes whom he prided himself on being able to understand. It is the women who are the creative and determinative agents in the Life of Jesus. Through their influence he loses the serenity and simplicity of his spirit, and is tempted to commit himself to the spurious miracle at Bethany. They create the belief in the resurrection, Mary Magdalene fitly playing the leading part. We may say, indeed, it is not so much saintly as sensuous women he conceives, or, so far as saintly, sensuous still. For woman and religion alike remain steeped in the senses and their experiences. In this region he has no ethical sense, as he has no sense of reverence; all is sentiment and emotion rather than conscience and conduct. And so in the only work of his which showed the spirit of pessimism, in the "Dialogues Philosophiques," written while he was possessed by the miseries of the war, the forms and acts of religion are left to the lower woman, while emancipation is promised to the higher man. He proceeds to organise deity, whatever that may mean, while she continues to console herself by doing unorganised deity service. This notion of religion as aesthetic, and therefore feminine, is only the abstract side of his concrete idea that woman is sensuous, and therefore religious. And this easily falls over into a suspicion that the sensuous is not remote from the sensual—a point possibly implied in "L'Abbesse de Jouarre," where the prospect of death is taken as an opportunity for abandoning the continence of life. And this, of course, is at once veiled and vindicated by some characteristic maxims: "L'humiliation est nécessaire à la femme. La Nature l'a voulu." "L'âme est la révélation de l'infini, la leçon qui nous enseigne le divin." It was, no doubt, a medium through which much of the divine he knew came to Renan.

Language was the subject which early attracted him, and here we see his scholarly and scientific spirit at work. Yet even here his science is literature. In his study on the origin of language the influence of his German masters is apparent, but the work wants philosophical thoroughness. He thinks that when he speaks of instinct he speaks of a real or rational cause, and does not feel the necessity of explaining the thing he invokes in explanation. It may be true that no man discovered speech any more than he discovered sight or hearing, but the sense is not ultimate, and what science seeks is to understand its genesis. His work on the Semitic languages remains unfinished. We have the comparative history, but not the comparative system, and what we have exhibits more his conception of the people than of their speech. This was characteristic: his imagination loved the concrete, and so speech was ever less to him than speaker. Here he indulged in his famous

analysis of the Semitic genius, with its Monotheistic instinct, its monotony, simplicity, lyrical intensity, but impotence for epic and tragedy. He had the generalising faculty that makes limited views look large, and he never used it with greater effect than in this work. Another of his early and suggestive books was the "Monograph on Averroës." It was for the time like a shaft of light let in upon the influence of Aristotle on Moorish thought, and its influence on Mediaeval. But it was rather a promise than a performance. It was most inadequate both as regards the exposition of the Averroistic system and its action on scholasticism. To the same field of activity belong his varied attempts at explaining and rendering certain of the poetical books of the Old Testament—Job, the Song of Songs, Ecclesiastes. But these, though interesting and vivid, are not the most successful of his works. His genius was discursive rather than analytic; the ways of the minuter and more objective scholarship were not his, and he was too modern in mind and style to be able to reproduce in the language he was so great a master of the manner and thought of a remoter and simpler age.

But his Semitic studies led to his appointment to the "Mission Scientifique" to the East, and this had a greater result than even his sumptuous work on the Phenician monuments—to it was due the impulse which created the "Vie de Jésus" and its successors. In the land where it had been lived the life seemed to become intelligible to him. Under the Oriental sky he found the atmosphere and associations needed for its interpretation. The dream that came to Gibbon in the Colosseum at Rome came to him at Nablus, with this characteristic difference, that while the vision of the one was of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, the vision of the other was of the origin and organisation of the Christian religion. And he began with the founder; but though he was living in Palestine he only the more thought as in Europe, and most of all as in France. Yet his opportunity and genius gave him what no other modern writer had as yet achieved—local colour, and in a less degree the local feeling; but both these were transmitted through an emotional and imaginative French mind living in the age of the religious revolt. His book could not have been without the Tübingen criticism and the historic-mythical theories of Strauss; but these had been books of the study and the school. They are without the sense of place or time; documents and events are analysed in the manner of the student, but the history disappears in a process now critical, now polemical, never interpretative of a person or constructive of real events which changed the very face of the world. Renan's book had an altogether opposite character: it had all the setting of reality, the events were not processes of thought, but persons who seemed to live and breathe within a real world. But, then, though the scene was ancient, the persons were modern; they were Parisians in the guise of the ancient East. The most spiritual person in history, and those who surrounded and served Him, were read through the imagination which was later to create "L'Abbesse de Jouarre," and in the light of the men and women he knew. The book was a Parisian romance in the form of a scientific history, with the result that out of the supreme ethical life and doctrine all ethics were expelled and replaced by a sentiment often sickly and mostly sensuous. Whether the local feeling and colouring preserved under these conditions anything we can call historical truth is a point we need not discuss here.

But the first book of the series was not the best. The farther he got away from the history and person of Jesus, the better the work he did. The more the world became his stage, the more truthfully could he dress and arrange his figures. And so we may say the longer he wrote, the more veracious he grew. Some of his pictures of Roman men and manners

are perfect; in his description of the Early Church and his account of the Apostolic Fathers there is more historical truth than in most of our church histories, while much less fiction than in certain works apologetic of ecclesiastical tradition. He sees how much of the world got into the church and how much of the church was in the world, and so he gives a coherent picture of the process by which the system we call Catholicism came to be. He has, at any rate, made the work of the future historian easier, and showed him what, in form and style, a history ought to be. He has not lived to see the concluding volumes on the religion of Israel through the press, but when they appear we shall have complete his view—not only of the development of Christianity, but of the forces that prepared the way for it. So far there has been nothing original in the book, save the unapproached grace of its literary form. Here indeed he was an easy master, and his work will remain as a splendid example of two things: the supreme interest of our day in every real effort to read and construe afresh the history of the origin of its religion, and the possibility of making such a history fine literature, without ceasing to be good science. If he has so taught these things as to induce men of more veracious spirit and constructive minds to attempt the questions he attempted, he will not have lived in vain.

THE TANTRUMS OF MAGA.

FOR some mysterious reason our old friend *Blackwood* gets no nearer than Persia to the political situation this month. Dreadful things are going on in Ireland, and the rights of property have been assailed by Mr. Gladstone in Wales; yet *Maga* cannot find a text for the customary diatribe against Liberalism. This is a pity, for the party article in the Edinburgh organ is the natural and fitting waste-pipe of its traditional spleen; and the absence of this useful vent has caused a painful ebullition in another direction. The personal attack on Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson in the "Old Saloon" seems designed as a criticism of that writer's domestic circle. Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, as all the world knows, is Mr. Stevenson's stepson; but what right has Mr. Stevenson to place himself in that degree of kinship to "a young American gentleman"? What does he mean by allowing his "apprentice" to shelter "impertinences towards everything British" under "a good Scotch name"? "We are taking it for granted," adds *Maga*, with bitter scorn, "though perhaps rashly, that Mr. Stevenson still flies the flag of his country, and has not gone over altogether to the Stripes and Stars." But the case is very suspicious; for does not "The Wrecker" abound with descriptions of San Francisco, and is it not the habit of Americans to expect us to be familiar with "the slums of their mushroom towns"? No self-respecting Scotch novelist would dream of describing the slums of Edinburgh. Mr. Barrie would rather die than even hint that everything in that city is not as beautiful as Prince's Street. Will Mr. Stevenson, far away in his Samoan home (Samoa, indeed, as if Skye were not good enough for any true Scotchman!), awaken to the enormity of his offence in choosing an American stepson as his collaborator, and letting that young man loose in the slums of San Francisco with never a thought of Cock-a-Leekie in his head? The mischief is done, and *Maga* is determined that Edinburgh's recreant child shall pay dear. "His genius has been trailed in the dust in a 'Wrong Box.'" The "Black Arrow" would have made "an end of almost every other writer." In "his trifling volume of verses, so far as he could manage it, this accomplished writer was vulgar as well as trivial." "A mischievous curiosity seems to seize him occasionally as to how far his popularity will go." In "The Wrecker" he has employed his American apprentice to do the "dirty work." "Here! take it and finish it," the Master must have cried, flinging sheet and pen at the

youngster's head, and the youngster, nothing loth, in his own graceful phraseology, 'sailed in.'

Now, it may be sound criticism, from a grandmotherly point of view, to rate a man for his choice of a family, though such a censorship can scarcely claim any privilege on the score of taste. But in her patriotic and domestic ire our excellent *Maga* strikes very wild indeed. It may be fairly argued that "The Wrecker" is a piece of patchwork, that the story is loose and disjointed, that there are long stretches of desert before the traveller comes upon the true Stevensonian spring; in a word, that the book is not a favourable example of the art of collaboration. But how does all this make Mr. Stevenson's poems "vulgar and trivial"? How does it convict him of "a rampant personal state," in which he "expects the world to take an interest in the silly little verses he addresses to his friends"? If there is a writer who prefers to touch the public through his books rather than through the thousand and one channels of personal advertisement, it is the man who has betaken himself to a remote island in the Southern Seas. It is much easier to be rampant in Edinburgh than in Samoa, where the interviewer is unknown, and even the Rev. Mr. Haweis does not leave his card. Mr. Stevenson has very little communication with the civilised world, and when he reads the "Old Saloon" he will see small reason to regret his voluntary exile. Even the political administration of Samoa, which he has so vigorously indicted, is more rational than the Scotch scold who has fallen foul of him. The judgment which finds vulgarity and triviality in "A Child's Garden of Verses" falls considerably below the intellectual level of Polynesia. Is it possible that *Maga* has discovered some personal injury in that charming volume? Does the remembrance of her own querulous infancy suggest a sting in this stanza?—

"Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabbies—
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces."

Or is there some revolting Radicalism in this piece of infantine philosophy?—

"The child that is not clean and neat,
With lots of toys, and things to eat,
He is a naughty child, I'm sure,
Or else his dear papa is poor."

There may be a subtle Socialism in the last line, and probably there are people in Edinburgh who detect a shameless irony in this—

"It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink;
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place."

Mr. Stevenson may have intended to show the dawn in the child's mind of ideas which eventually make the Radical agitator. But, even if *Maga* has found this out, why call the verses vulgar? And what is to be said of the critic who stigmatises as "silly" the address to the poet's oldest friend?—

"My second mother, my first wife,
The angel of my infant life;
From the sick child, now well and old,
Take, nurse, the little book you hold!"

But this is not all. In her ungovernable irritation *Maga* couples the offences of Mr. Stevenson with those of Mr. Kipling. "On the face of things, we should not venture to assert perhaps that either Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson or Mr. Rudyard Kipling were (*sic*) models of modesty and humble-mindedness." Poor *Maga*! She tears not only passion but even syntax to tatters. Mr. Kipling, too, has touched pitch. His collaborator in "The Naulahka" was "an American young gentleman," and the hero of the novel shows the total incapacity of Americans for honour and honesty, for he steals the Maharajah's necklace. Englishmen and Scotchmen, as we all know, never helped themselves to the jewels of Indian princes, and Clive, on a famous occasion in the annals of loot, did not stand astonished at his own moderation. Mr. Kipling

allows Tarvin to "squirt contempt" at the Civil servants of India, and, to crown all, he is going to commit the crime of settling down in some "mushroom town" of the United States. Such is the literary criticism of the "Old Saloon." We may charitably hope that it springs mainly from maternal jealousy in *Maga's* bosom at the perversion of so distinguished a Scot as Mr. Stevenson from his patriotic associations. If he had only stayed at home, and written purely Scotch romances, *Maga* would have crooned over him with venerable endearments.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

UNDER the pretty title of "L'Étui de Nacre" (Paris: Calmann Lévy), M. Anatole France has collected a few short stories, whose only fault is that they are too short and too few. They all have the charm of thought and style peculiar to their author: tender sympathy, pre-Raphaelite simplicity, a delicate morning freshness that nimbly recommends them to our senses. If there is a modern writer more worthy of the epithet amiable than M. France, we do not know him: everything this man writes is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. His is the rare literature that consoles. Among our modern schoolmen he is the Seraphic Doctor. He has often, in this journal and elsewhere, been compared with Charles Lamb, and the very first story in this little book again suggests the comparison, somewhat curiously. For was it not Lamb who, drawing up a fanciful list of "persons one would like to have seen," placed at the head of them Pontius Pilate? The enigmatic personality of Pilate also fascinates M. Anatole France. Was Pilate a just judge or an unjust, a time-server or merely a cynic, a Lord Melbourne or a Signor Poccourante? Did he make a parade of nescience, as do some of our own Judges of the High Court, or was he really as ignorant as some Irish Removables? These, perhaps, are not exactly the questions which M. France has asked himself when sitting down to write "Le Procureur de Judée." Pilate, disgraced through a quarrel with Vitellius, the Syrian proconsul, has retired to his villa at Baiae to take the waters, and is encountered by an old acquaintance, Emilius Lamia.

Lamia drew from a fold of his toga a roll containing the *De rerum natura*, threw himself on the turf and began to read. But a shout from a slave warned him to rise in order to make way for a litter which was mounting the narrow path between the vines. As the litter was borne along, wide open, Lamia saw stretched on the cushions an old man of a vast corpulence, who was leaning head on hand, with a sombre and fixed gaze. His aquiline nose descended over his lips, which were pressed tight above a prominent chin and powerful jaws.

From the first Lamia felt certain he knew that visage. He hesitated for a moment to give it a name. Then suddenly running up to the litter in a movement of surprise and joy:—

"Pontius Pilate!" he cried. "The gods be thanked it is granted to me to see you again!"

And so the friends fell to talking of the old days when Pilate was procurator of Judaea, in the province of Syria. Reclining at a table, spread, not fastidiously, but honourably, with silver dishes of ortolans in honey, snipe, Lucrine oysters and lampreys from Sicily, they question one another, as good valetudinarians who have come to take the waters should, about the symptoms of their several maladies, and ultimately the conversation veers round to the Jews. Lamia takes up their cause.

"They are deeply attached to their ancient customs. They suspected you—wrongly, I admit—of wanting to abolish their law and change their habits. Suffer me, Pontius, to tell you that you did not always so act as to dissipate their unfortunate error. You took pleasure, in spite of yourself, in exciting their disquietude, and I have seen you more than

once show, to their faces, the contempt which their beliefs and religious ceremonies inspired in you. Especially did you vex them by causing the robes and ornaments of the high priest to be guarded in the Antonine tower by your legionaries. Surely you must recognise that, without having attained like ourselves to the contemplation of divine things, the Jews celebrate mysteries venerable for their antiquity."

But Pilate, being a profoundly religious man, rejects this mood of philosophic toleration.

"They have no exact knowledge," he replied, "of the nature of the gods. They worship Jupiter, but without giving him either name or shape. They do not even adore him in the form of a stone, as do some of the peoples of Asia. They know nothing of Apollo, of Neptune, of Mars, of Pluto, or of any goddess. All the same, I believe they must at one time have worshipped Venus. For to this very day their women bring doves to the altar, and you know as well as I how their merchants, trafficking under the porch of the temple, sell pairs of these birds for the sacrifice. It was even brought to my notice, one day, that a madman had been upsetting these hucksters and their cages. The priests complained of the sacrilege. I believe that this custom of sacrificing turtle-doves was established in honour of Venus."

No, Pilate's recollections of the Jews are not favourable. Their religious hatreds were too fierce. How they used to crowd round him, besieging his ivory chair, pulling at his toga or his sandal-straps, to demand the death of some wretch, whose only crime seemed to consist in being as mad as his accusers! Lamia, however, has more pleasant reminiscences—partly choreographic.

"They dance with such languor, these Syrian women! I knew a Jewess of Jerusalem who, in a hovel, by the light of a little smoky lamp, on a wretched rag of carpet, used to dance, raising her arms to clash her cymbals. With her lithe body, her head thrown back, and as it were dragged down by the weight of her heavy red hair, her eyes humid with passion, she would have made Cleopatra herself pale with envy. After losing sight of her for some months I learned by chance that she had joined a little troop of men and women, followers of a Galilean miracle-monger. He was named Jesus; he was from Nazareth, and for some crime or other was crucified. Pontius, do you remember the man?"

"Pontius knitted his brows and put his hand to his forehead, searching his memory. Then, after a few instants of silence—

"'Jesus?' he murmured, 'Jesus, of Nazareth? No, I do not remember him.'"

This mood of elegant paganism is not, however, so characteristic of M. France as that of mediæval *naïveté*, which we find, for instance, in the story of the faun Amycus who was baptised by the hermit Célestin, and in the altogether delightful "Jongleur de Notre-Dame." Barnabé the juggler met a monk on his way, and the twain fell to glorying in their several professions. To Barnabé there would be nothing so fine in this world as juggling, if it only brought one food every day. But the other convinced Barnabé that the monastic state was finer, and made a monk of him. Then, when Barnabé saw the skill of his brethren in glorifying God, how Brother Maurice engrossed on vellum, and Brother Marbode carved little sacred images, he lamented his own ignorance and simplicity, and was sad at heart. But one morning he arose blithely and retired alone into the chapel. Spying through the window, the Father Prior saw a strange thing. Brother Barnabé was before the High Altar, standing on his head, juggling with six balls of copper and twelve knives. He was performing, in honour of the Mother of God, the tricks that used to get him the greatest applause. The scandalised Prior would have dragged Brother Barnabé from the chapel, when he saw the holy Virgin descend the steps of the altar and wipe away with the edge of

her blue robe the sweat that ran down the juggler's face. The moral is: "Heureux les simples, car ils verront Dieu." Was it not Mr. Spurgeon who used to say, "I am going to smoke a cigar to the glory of God?"

SUPERCHERIE.

A N article in the *New Review* for October bears the heading:

To set finally at rest the numerous conjectures on the subject, we take this opportunity of stating that Mr. Vandam is the "Englishman in Paris."—EDITOR.

It may safely be guessed from this that the Editor of the *Review* has not read through the two-volume book which he mentions. That he names correctly, from information received, the "Editor" who signed the notes to that book is perhaps beyond question, and it accounts at one blow, as they say in the fairy-tales, for a considerable proportion of mistakes in French and English—each would be impossible to an educated Frenchman or Englishman—which disfigure so many pages of the book in dispute. For the person named in the above editorial note is a Dutchman of, as is believed, the Hebrew persuasion, the assumption by whom of the style and title of "An Englishman" would in itself be a *supercherie*.

A very large share of "An Englishman in Paris" has the tone, the indivestible *anglicismus* of an Englishman, and only of an Englishman. It can at once be admitted that the editor of the volumes is answerable not alone for the notes—some of which read, on first examination, as if written by the writer of the text just above them—for the bad language, and the arrangement and general "editing" of the chapters, but that he is also answerable for interpolating comments and anecdotes of his own and from other sources, a course of conduct which is not too uncommon among editors of "Reminiscences" who are not over-nice.

But the writer of the main part of "An Englishman in Paris" was born in 1818. Its editor informs us many times in the *New Review* for September and October that he did not see the obscured light in which he elects to work until a quarter of a century later. The "Englishman" knew intimately Disraeli (i., 294, 68, 74), and was on such a footing with Lord Lyons, our ambassador in Paris, as to receive (French) political confidences from him (ii. 225). He knew Louis Philippe and his sons, stayed at Eu in 1843 when Her Majesty was there (i., 280), and was a frequent visitor to Compiègne in the second Empire—which last, of course, would be poor identification were it not added:—"I doubt whether, besides Lord H—and myself, there was a single English guest there who went for the mere pleasure of going" (ii., 82). Is this sentence a *supercherie* also? The "Englishman" had a near relative of the same name on General Vinoy's staff in 1870-1, who was a special favourite with that General (ii., 294, 334). The end of the second volume is full of the good works of the "Englishman" throughout the siege of Paris (ii., 141, 299, 316, 317); he was elected to the Jockey Club at the same date, and his portrait in a celebrated picture-dealer's of the Rue de la Paix was known by all Paris (ii., 325, 280). Is all this too *supercherie*? Credat Judæus!

A sentence in the article of the *New Review*: "Truly, l'esprit ne perd jamais ses droits au France," confirms our opinion as to who it was made hay with the French in "An Englishman in Paris." A few of those errors may therefore be reprinted here. German and Italian are also ill-treated. Indeed the editor of these "Notes and Recollections" boasted, if we mistake not, last September, of never having been to school:—

Rotisseur for rotisseur's (i., 28); *du* milieu for au milieu (44); engouement for engouement (57); haque for (Eng.) hack (60); choissirez (68); ne hérite for n'hérite (101); cet'oreille for cette (105); denouement twice for dénouement (173); the words "ils vont parquer comme elles" are gibberish (196); contre maître

for contre-maitres, and "mener par le nez par des mots" (205); elle les mets (242); en tout bien en tout honneur (256); la République (320); cigarettes and *ainsi au premier bureau de tabac*" (326); Jardin d'Acclimation (ii., 325).

In English we find (among those which it would take too long to set down): bumptuous, buccolic, butcher-shop, cassiowaries, "the Christophers Sly abounded," and so on. These are not *supercherie*, but they bid us pause before we admit this writer to be "An Englishman" in Paris or out of it. And, until further irrefragable information as to who the Englishman was to whom the facts we have cited above apply, one is inclined to think that either the good faith of the editor of the *New Review* has been surprised, or a very impudent fraud has been attempted on the public.

THE DRAMA.

"THE AWAKENING"—"A LUCKY DOG."

HELEN PEYTON, the heroine of Mr. Arthur Benham's new play at the Garrick, *The Awakening*, is a younger sister of Gilberte de Sartorys, *alias* Frou-Frou. At any rate, she be'avés as such. She is fashionable and expensive, very—like the trousers you wot of. She is frivolous. She is capricious. She is wilful. She goes to masked balls (Frou-Frou proposes to wear the costume of a *débâardeur*—"et puis, des boutons, des boutons, des boutons"), revels in private theatricals (Frou-Frou rehearses *Indiana* and *Charlemagne* with Valréas), and warbles a comic song "À Menilmontant," which she has heard at a Paris music-hall (Frou-Frou rehearses one of Dejazet's songs with the little prompter Pitou). She has a friend, Lady Gertrude Harley, who aids and abets her in her frivolity—Frou-Frou's Madame de Cambri. She has a serious husband, who disapproves of her frivolity—a De Sartorys of the Stock Exchange. To complete the resemblance, she flirts with an unprincipled admirer, whose name is no longer Valréas, but Darbshire. Unlike her Parisian sister, however, she does not elope, is not the cause of a duel between husband and lover, and does not die of consumption. Doubtless she would have done all these things were she not the mother of a baby who is subject to croup. Just as her flirtation with Valréas-Darbshire is nearing a perilous crisis, the baby gets the croup. Then it is that, over what portends to be the little one's death-bed, she is "awakened" to a sense of her folly. Fortunately it has been nothing worse than folly, as she explains to her husband; so that when the child recovers, by a miracle, from the croup, we are left to suppose that Mr. and Mrs. John Peyton live happy ever afterwards.

This is a very old stage-story, is it not? One need not object to it on that account, if only it be retold with ingenuity and sincerity. But *The Awakening* is neither ingenious as a play nor sincere as a rendering of actual life. Many of its details are delightfully artless: as when a friend of John Peyton's, having lectured him on his relations with his wife, under an elaborate parable about a picture and its frame, remarks, on the lady's entrance, "Here comes the picture"; or as when a physician, having warned the Peytons to abandon all hope of their child's recovery, suddenly exclaims, "I have just thought of something which may save it; I will sit down and write a prescription." As for its truth to life, we know that giddy mothers are not "awakened"—morally—by their child's croup, and that the trio of Gilberte, Sartorys, and Valréas, however natural it may have been in the Paris of the sixties, becomes altogether artificial in the Mayfair and Throgmorton Street of the nineties.

The best that can be said for Mr. Benham's play is that it contains a few amusing cynicisms of dialogue, and one lively bit of character-sketching in Miss Archie Ripon, a young lady whose determined efforts to become a *persona grata* to the other sex

lead her to cigarettes and still more startling audacities. These things are not enough to redeem the play from failure, and the condemnation passed on it by the first-night audience was unequivocal. I am inclined, however, to hope that when Mr. Benham—who is understood to be a very young man—has grown old enough to give up remembering the Frou-Frous of the stage, and to content himself with what Victor Hugo called the *choses vues* of actual life, he may produce a real play. When he does, I hope he will be more fortunate in his cast. Miss Estelle Burney is hard, restless, and painfully self-conscious as Helen Peyton; Mr. Arthur Elwood makes a terribly wooden lover; Mr. Herbert Waring and Miss Vane Featherston can make nothing of their parts—in short, the only tolerable piece of acting in *The Awakening* is the Archie Ripon of Miss Nina Boucicault.

"Only a woman's hair" is a lovely thing; but, as the French philosopher observed, one doesn't care to find it in one's soup. The dog is the friend of man, but I don't like to see him in a farce. In melodrama, where he is handy for heroic rescues, or in the ancient tragi-comedy of *Punch and Judy*, he may pass; but over the farcical stage I would have them write "No dogs admitted." There is a quiet nobility of bearing in the dog which, by contrast, makes the fooling of the low-comedian seem more than ever contemptible. The title of Mr. W. Sapte's farce, *A Lucky Dog*, reproduced this week at Terry's Theatre after a trial performance in the summer, prepares one for this inevitable contrast between noble dog and ignoble man, and one is not disappointed. An eccentric uncle has left a scapegrace nephew a handsome income, coupled with the condition that a certain pet-dog is to be produced alive and well every quarter-day. Of course the dog disappears, and there is the usual farcical helter-skelter in pursuit. Such pieces need no description. The dog—luckier than his comrades in having nothing to say—plays very well; and Mr. G. W. Anson, after an absence of several years, returns to the stage *frans et dispos*.

A correspondent who describes himself as a Tory reader of THE SPEAKER sends me a string of conundrums. "What plot and *motif* make up a good play? How are we to judge whether a play is good or bad? What is the test of a good play?" While I am gasping for breath under these terrible questions, my correspondent again floors me with a request for "the aid that Bentham gave to the lawgiver when he propounded the maxim that laws should be framed to meet the greatest happiness of the greatest number." My correspondent will find M. Sarcey quite ready to Benthamise for him, and to tell him that plays should be framed to give the greatest pleasure to the greatest number. Or he might try Aristotle's "Poetics" *passim*. Aristotle was a tremendous fellow for definitions—like my correspondent. Or perhaps M. Jean Jullien's famous "tranche de la vie, arrangée avec art" will serve his turn? While he is consulting these authorities I will try and find leisure for the preparation of exhaustive replies to all his questions; they will be published (by subscription) in one hundred volumes folio—at the coming of the Coquiglues. I observe that, apparently mistaking me for the ghost of Dean Boyd, my unknown correspondent addresses me as "A. K. H. B."—a compliment as unexpected as it is unmerited by

A. B. W.

THE NEW GALLERY.

THE present exhibition at the New Gallery has been unexpectedly sprung upon us. A case of premature birth it seems to be. A circular letter was sent round to the usual exhibitors, asking them to send what they pleased; there would be no jury. Had the directors some project in view for their winter exhibition, which fell through at the last moment? Or is the early opening of the

exhibition to be considered as an outburst of the ebullient rivalry occasioned by the recently projected scheme of the still newer gallery—the Grafton Gallery? However this may be, it is certain that the present exhibition is not nearly up to the average—that is to say, to the very high average that has hitherto been maintained in this gallery. The first room is especially disappointing. It would be very profitless to explain at length how much I dislike Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Hadrian in England." Nor would good come of insisting too strongly on the vulgarity of Mr. Topham's portrait of the Rev. Dr. Merriman. But it is imperative that the critic should admire something. Therefore I say that Mr. Llewellyn's "River Camel, Cornwall," comes upon me as a pleasant surprise. There is an artistic intention in the contrast of this long strip of green sea-water, broken up with pink where the light falls, and the line of yellow sand-hills showing against a cold, grey sky, impeded clouds quick with rainy weather. I find in a far corner a rather nice portrait by Monet Loudon; and by the side of some quite extraordinary parodies of Mr. Burne Jones there is a little picture by Miss Anna Nordgren, the result of lessons learnt in a French studio. But in the next room there are three or four quite nice pictures. A group of five naked boys bathing, by Edward Stott, is especially good. Two are sitting on a green mound, one is standing by the brink, two are waist-deep in the shallow water. A crimson sun is about to disappear below the horizon. The great red disc sheds a last passionate glare of light across the still, shallow water, filling the shadows of the flesh with warm greys, defining with a rose tint the legs of the boy who stands looking towards the sunset. This picture radiates. The sunlight really floods the water. The painter sought for light and he attained light, and so his picture must be counted a success. But the figures, though not incorrect in drawing, are weakly drawn, which is worse. Were this not so—"If 'ifs' were 'ands,'" etc. At the end of the room I noticed a charming little picture by Miss Flora Reid. This lady seems to improve yearly, and her work this year is the best she has done. A little market-woman sitting amongst her wares—carrots, turnips, potatoes, baskets of vegetables piled about her. There is a dark tree behind the little woman, and we see the white caps of other market-women on the left. There is a white house and a white awning, and this balances the composition excellently well. The picture is no more and no less than it pretends to be. Miss Reid knows her limits, and is artist enough to keep within them. So I have hardly a fault to find. The execution of the baskets seems a little too painstaking, and does not quite correspond with the loose execution of the rest of the picture.

On the next wall Mr. George Clausen exhibits a large picture which imperatively puts this question to the spectator: Can art dispense not only with beauty, but with the picturesque, with all elements of strangeness, of fancy, of caprice, of everything except facts? From the present picture it is clear that Mr. Clausen once believed that art could live by facts alone, that a work of art might include nothing more than a plain, adequate statement of facts. The impressionists have been often accused of a desire to dispense with the element of beauty, but the accusation has always seemed to me to be quite groundless; and even memory of a certain portrait by Mr. Walter Sickert does not cause me to falter in this opinion. Until I saw Mr. Clausen's picture I did not fully realise how terrible a thing art becomes when divorced from beauty, grace, mystery, and suggestion. It would be difficult to say where and how this picture differs from a photograph; it seems to me to be little more than the vices of photography magnified. Having spoken so plainly, it is necessary that I should explain myself.

The subject of this picture is a group of field

labourers finishing their mid-day dinner in the shade of some trees. They are portrayed in a still, even light, exactly as they were; the picture is one long explanation; it is as clear as a newspaper, and it reads like one. We can tell how many months that man in the foreground has worn those dreadful hoenailed boots; we can count the nails, and we notice that two or three are missing. Those disgusting corduroy trousers have hung about his legs for months; all the ugliness of their faces and the stolid earthiness of their lives are there: nothing has been omitted, curtailed, or exaggerated. There is some psychology. We see that the years have brought the old man cunning rather than wisdom. The middle-aged man and the middle-aged woman live in stolid, mute stupidity—they have known nothing but the daily hardship of living; and the vacuous face of their son tells how completely the life of his forefathers has descended upon him. Here there is neither the foolish gaiety of Teniers' peasants nor the vicious animality of Brauevels; and it is hardly necessary to say that the painter has seen nothing of the legendary patriarchal beauty and solemnity which lends so holy and vast a charm to Millet's Breton folk. Mr. Clausen has seen nothing but the sordid and the mean, and his execution in this picture is as sordid and as mean as his vision. There is not a noble gesture expressive of weariness, nor an attitude expressive of resignation, nor is even sloth indicated. It is in the meaningless that Mr. Clausen has sought his picture. He said, "I will go lower than the others; I will seek my art in the mean and the meaningless." But notwithstanding his very real talent, Mr. Clausen has not found art where art is not, where art never has been found, where art never will be found.

Looking at this picture, the ordinary man will say, "If such ugliness as that exists, I don't want to see it. Why paint such subjects?" And at least the first part of this criticism seems to me to be quite incontrovertible. I can imagine no valid reason for the portrayal of so much ugliness; and, what is more important, I can find among the unquestioned masters no slightest precedent for the blank realism of this picture. The ordinary man's aversion to such ugliness seems to me to be entirely right, and I only join issue with him when he says, "Why paint such subjects?" Why not? For all subjects contain elements of beauty, and ugliness does not exist for the eye that sees beautifully, and meanness vanishes if the sensation is a noble one. Have not the very subjects which Mr. Clausen sees so meanly, and which he degrades below the level even of the photograph, been seen nobly, and have they not been rendered incomparably touching, even august, by— Well, the whole world knows by whom. But it will be said that Mr. Clausen painted these people as he saw them. I dare say he did; but if he could not see these field-folk differently, he should have abstained from painting them. The mission of art is not truth, but beauty; and I know of no great work—I will go even further, I know no even tolerable work—in literature or in painting in which the element of beauty does not inform the intention. Art is surely but a series of conventions which enable us to express our special sense of beauty—for beauty is everywhere, and abounds in subtle manifestations. Things ugly in themselves become beautiful by association; or perhaps I should say that they become picturesque. The slightest insistence in a line will redeem and make artistically interesting the ugliest face. Look at Degas' ballet-girls, and say if, artistically, they are not beautiful. I defy you to say that they are mean. Again, an alteration in the light and shade will create beautiful pictures among the meanest brick buildings that ever were run up by the jerry-builder. See the violet suburb stretching into the golden sunset. How exquisite it has become! how full of suggestion and fairy tale!

Mystery and suggestion are the characteristics and the recognisable signs of every work of art. If

the artist's subjects are angels, Madonnas, and nymphs, the light of white limbs, the ecstatic gaze of heavenly eyes, the pomp of golden-woven robes, lofty arches and clustered columns, compel the necessary sense of wonderment and charm; but if the painter's subjects are tavern-wenchies cleaning or scolding, or field-folk finishing their mid-day crusts in the shelter of the hedges, he must find mystery and suggestion in the light and shade. A picturesque shadow must clothe the squalor of the miser's den, and the subdued light of the little kitchen, where the red-petticoated housewife is sweeping, must contrast so delicately with the white glare of the little brick yard, where the neighbour stands in parley, leaning against the doorpost, that the humble life of the place is transformed and poetised, and by a series of ellipses in the execution the spectator is led to imagine much that is not there. This was the A B C of Dutch art; it was the Dutchmen who first found out that with the poetising aid of light and shade the meanest and most commonplace incidents of everyday life could be made the subjects of pictures.

There are no merits in painting except technical merits; and though my criticism of Mr. Clausen's picture may at first sight seem to be a literary criticism, it is in truth a strictly technical criticism. For Mr. Clausen has neglected the admirable lessons which our Dutch cousins taught us two hundred years ago; he has neglected to avail himself of those principles of chiaroscuro which they perfected, and which would have enabled him to redeem the grossness, the ugliness, the meanness inherent in his subject. I said that he had gone further, in abject realism, than a photograph. I do not think I have exaggerated. It is not probable that those peasants would look so ugly in a photograph as they do in his picture. For had they been photographed, the chances are that some shadow would have clothed, would have hid, something, and a chance gleam might have concentrated the attention on some particular spot. Nine times out of ten the exposure of the plate would not have taken place in a moment of flat grey light.

But it is the theory of Mr. Clausen and his school that it is right and proper to take a six-foot canvas into the open, and paint the entire picture from Nature. But when the sun is shining, it is not possible to paint for more than an hour—an hour and a half at most. At the end of that time the shadows have moved so much that the effect is wholly different. But on a grey day it is possible to paint on the same picture for four or five hours. Hence the preference shown by this school for grey days. Then the whole subject is seen clearly, like a newspaper; and the artist, if he is a realist, copies every patch on the trousers, and does not omit to tell us how many nails have fallen from the great clay-stained boots. Pre-Raphaelitism is only possible among august and beautiful things, when the subjects of the pictures are Virgins and angels, and the accessories are marbles, agate columns, Persian carpets, golden-woven robes and vestments, ivories, engraved metals, pearls, velvets and silks, and when the object of the painter is to convey sensation of the beauty of these materials by the luxury and beauty of the workmanship. The common workaday world, with accessories of tin pots and pans, corduroy breeches and clay pipes, can be only depicted by a series of ellipses through a mystery of light and shade.

Beauty of some sort there must be in a work of art, and the very conditions under which Mr. Clausen painted precluded any beauty from entering into his picture. But Mr. Clausen exhibited a beautiful picture, conceived in an entirely different spirit, in this year's Academy. The garments were generalised, the picturesqueness of a strong sunlight effect hid unseemly detail, and we saw "the mower" in his typical manhood. This picture was the one redeeming feature of an exhibition of wretched pictures, and the unstinted praise that I bestowed upon "The Mowers" should excuse the flagrance of my attack on

"Labourers after Dinner." This picture was probably painted some years ago. I hope that it is the last of its kind, and that the other autumn exhibition will prove that Mr. Clausen has abjured Bastien-Lepage, his evil ways, and all the derivative vices, for ever.

G. M.

THE WEEK.

OUR Paris correspondent writes: "It is more than seven years ago since I made the acquaintance of ERNEST RENAN, on the introduction of his old friend and colleague, JULES SIMON. At that time the great writer had not yet fallen a prey to the interviewer, at whose hands he was destined to suffer such cruel treatment. He may then be said to have been at the zenith of his fame. Physically regarded, the man was not, as all the world knows, attractive; yet, at the same time, there was nothing positively unpleasing in his appearance. But it was disappointing to find signs of greatness concentrated in a powerful nose and broad face. A kindly-natured man you saw at once, one who would not hurt a fly, and could never understand the burning of a heretic. On this, the first occasion I had the honour of conversing with him, the great man laid bare his soul to a surprising extent—surprising, that is, did one not know the weakness of his countrymen in this respect, and had the public not been made a similar confidant of at a subsequent period. Unlike some other modern prophets, RENAN did not conceive that he had a mission for mankind beyond conveying a familiar object-lesson—open your eyes, use your ears and your understanding, study the conditions of the world, past and present, while trying to make the best of life—this was the sum of his teaching. Along with these seemingly commonplace utterances the master let fall some pregnant sayings about faith and morals which struck me as suggestive and luminous. His words might be compared to fire-flies, throwing a momentary ray on the dark path of the benighted traveller. RENAN had more than the usual amount of courtesy in his manner, which makes so many of his countrymen appear insincere in the eyes of Britons, who can with difficulty be brought to believe in signs of almost affectionate interest on the part of a stranger.

"THE second visit I paid to the 'administrateur' of the Collège de France was after the publication of the 'Abbesse de Jouarre,' when the air of Paris was full of the smoke of that strange fray. It was a delicate matter to inquire into, and one which taxed the good-nature of the author. But while sensible to the reproaches brought against his dramatic production on the score of morals, the writer would not admit the justice of these imputations. The gist of his apology was that this fragment of intellectual relaxation appealed to the esoteric, and could not be judged by the vulgar—an explanation that was held to be more specious than satisfactory. The next time I was thrown in contact with the versatile genius was at the funeral of CUVILLY-FLEURY, the Academician, when poor M. RENAN, in cocked hat, green uniform (tail-coat with palm-leaves embroidered as facings), and dress sword, marched as pall-bearer on a raw autumnal day to the cemetery of Montmartre. M. RENAN with a sword! 'The force of fancy could no further go'; and when the instrument of academic warfare got between the great man's little legs the effect was irresistible. The funeral oration he delivered was one of his happiest efforts; but in the midst of the most touching passages that unlucky sword seemed to get in the way and stick in his throat."

"IN his class-room at the Collège de France the savant appeared more at home than when travestied in the fantastic garb of another age. The exegete spoke with authority, but did not pose as an authority. I have a vivid recollection of the professor expounding the book of Job before a handful of students, half of whom were ecclesiastics, during which excursion the commentator dismissed the readings of his predecessors as not being the right thing—'non, ce n'est pas ça, ce n'est pas ça'—spoken in an abrupt, confident tone. The Orientalist's knowledge of Hebrew was often called in question during his lifetime; and since his death critics have been found confirming this impression. It appears that RENAN began the study when too advanced in years. Probably no one, except the other brilliant Frenchman, of whom COWPER sang, was ever more denounced from the pulpit than RENAN. I recall the sorrowful accents with which the late PASTOR BERSIER referred to the too-confident prediction that 'ere long belief in the supernatural would become as extinct as the belief in ghosts.'

AN opportune publication is a second edition of MR. C. B. PITMAN's translation of RENAN'S "Recollections of My Youth." The English version of this charming work was revised by MADAME RENAN.

ASPECTS of journalism are discussed in the current *Cosmopolitan* and *Fortnightly*. MR. JOHN A. COCKERILL, editor of the *New York Morning and Evening Advertiser*, denounces in the former some phases of American journalism in a somewhat loud-voiced manner. He is of opinion that news in America is any heretofore unprinted occurrence which involves the violation of any one of the ten commandments; and he thinks that if what all must condemn as its faults were to be taken away from the American newspaper, people would probably decline to buy the remainder. MR. COCKERILL seems to forget that people do not regard as faults those things which, however ostentatiously condemned in public, they privately approve of.

MR. HODGSON, in his article on "Our Weekly Reviews" (*Fortnightly*), conceives it possible that weekly reviewing is a lost art. It is a changed art, certainly; the "paragraph," as everybody knows, has revolutionised journalism. We are inclined, however, to the opinion that weekly reviewing is much more competently performed now than in the apocryphal "palmy days" of the long-established papers. These, indeed, are much improved, as anyone will find who chooses to compare the current numbers with early issues. An art which, like weekly reviewing, has been uninterruptedly exercised for half a century by increasing numbers and under the most favourable conditions, is not likely to deteriorate. If the old-established weeklies are popularly supposed to have fallen off it is only because rivals have made their brilliance less rare. Slip-shod critics and the repeaters of idle aspersions always forget that in condemning such a representative of contemporary intellect as weekly reviewing, they are condemning themselves, their country, their age. MR. HODGSON's paper does not nearly cover his subject. A criticism of the influence of weekly reviewing which ignores *Truth* and *The World*, not to mention a number of other papers that have their effect, is without method and of small value.

IN some of the pictorial magazines there is this month a greater quantity than usual of attractive illustration. *Atalanta* contains many reproductions of the works of MR. ALMA-TADEMA, and some of MR. RICKETTS' quaintest and most charming work. The illustrations to MR. CHARLES DE KAY'S "Munich as an Art Centre" (*Cosmopolitan*), and in *The Magazine*

of *Art* the illustrations of Burmese art, are of special note.

THE nets of the publishers are not quite so heavy this season as they were a year ago. The bad business of the summer—the worst summer the trade has known for long—is accountable in a measure for this; but it is quite certain that the autumn output of books would have been considerably less than it is, and the prospects of publishers and booksellers not nearly so promising, had Parliament been sitting. But, propitious or unpropitious as the signs of the times may be, it is amazing to look through column after column of forthcoming books in the trade journals, and to remember the amount of ambition, of hope, of scholarship, of endeavour—not to speak of the midnight oil—which these lists represent; to remember, also, how much they prophesy of hope deferred, of disappointment, of failure, of noble and ignoble misery. One book out of five is the average of the really successful publications of the leading firms. Taking this as an average—we believe it is too high for general application, but low enough to contemplate—it would mean that eighty writers out of every hundred are disappointed men. There must be more practical philosophy in the world than people imagine.

THE publication of books in series continues to be a favourite method. MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & Co. have their "Newbery Classics," a set of English poets; their "Entertainment Series," parlour-plays, stories, and ballads. MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN'S "International Library"; MESSRS. HENRY & Co.'s "Whitefriars" and "Victoria" Libraries; MESSRS. LONGMANS' "Silver Library," MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co.'s "Queen's Prime Ministers," and "Preachers of the Age"; MESSRS. MACMILLAN'S "Golden Treasury," and "English Citizen" series; MR. JAMES NISBET & Co.'s "Sweetbriar Series"; MR. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS' "Heroes of the Nations"; MR. WALTER SCOTT'S, MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN'S, MESSRS. WARD LOCK'S, MESSRS. FREDERICK WARNE & Co.'s, and MESSRS. CASSELL & Co.'s various libraries, are all, new and old, well-known and widely appreciated. Half the books issued seem to be published in series.

ALTHOUGH it is only October, announcements for Christmas-time are numerous. Among their gift-books MESSRS. BLACKIE & SON will publish three new works by MR. HENTY, and one by MR. ROBERT LEIGHTON, whose "Pilots of Pomona" last year revealed a new boy's writer of great promise. MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. have a list of "Illustrated Books for the Little Ones," by MAGGIE BROWNE, Author of "Wanted—a King," and other popular writers. MESSRS. W. & R. CHAMBERS and MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & Co. have new books by MR. GEORGE MANVILLE FENN; and MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co. have added to their "Playtime Library" and "Standard Books for Boys."

THE next addition to MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & Co.'s "Dilettante Library" will be a monograph on "Victor Hugo," by MR. J. PRINGLE NICHOL.

A CURIOSITY to be published shortly will be an edition of MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S "Jump-to-Glory Jane," with an illustration to every stanza by MR. HARRY QUILTER.

A MEMOIR of the late PROFESSOR E. A. FREEMAN is about to be taken in hand. Friends who may be willing to supply letters, reminiscences, or other biographical material, are invited to forward them as early as possible to the REV. PREBENDARY STEPHENS (Woolbeding Rectory, Midhurst, Sussex), who, at the request of MR. FREEMAN'S family, has undertaken to edit the work.

IN the presence of a continued attempt—thrice definitely renewed at least—to issue a spurious and garbled version of MR. WHISTLER'S writings, MR. HEINEMANN has brought out a new edition of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," printed under MR. WHISTLER'S own immediate care and supervision, and dedicated, as before, to the rare few who, early in life, have rid themselves of the friendship of the many.

THE late new star in the constellation of Auriga has again made its appearance after an interval of nearly six months. This fact was first noticed by MR. H. CORDER, and the observation was soon verified by a host of observers. Among these was MR. E. BARNARD, who has been employing the magnificent thirty-six inch refractor of the Lick Observatory, and who has made the very important discovery that the nova has not now the appearance of an ordinary star, but of a small bright nebula with a star-like nucleus. Such pieces of information as these, coming to hand when opinions and theories of new stars are now about to take a well-earned rest, will be found all the more valuable since they afford us the means of testing and rendering our hypothesis more complete. For instance, we may note how the theories of MR. and MRS. HUGGINS and MR. LOCKYER tally with the new observations. The former assumes that the nova was caused not by an actual collision, but only by a near approach of two bodies with gaseous atmospheres. It will at once be seen that the new recorded brightening can be interpreted by another near approach (with necessarily a different body), but the presence of the nebula remains unexplained. In the case of the second hypothesis, a new star is explained on the assumption that a collision has taken place between two streams of meteorites, and that the star is simply the locus of this intersection. Remembering the present brightness of this nova we have only to suppose the streams to be still passing one another, and the meteorites to be, at the present time, a little more thickly packed together than they have been for the last six months, and we must necessarily have a brightening. The presence of the nebula endorses the assumption that meteorites are in question.

BESIDES LORD TENNYSON and M. ERNEST RENAN, who are dealt with elsewhere, the deaths have been announced since our last issue of SIR WILLIAM EVANS, Bart., formerly Liberal M.P. for South Derbyshire, Unionist candidate for Derby in 1886, and a very large landowner in the county; MR. C. T. MAUDE, British Chargé d'Affaires at Santiago, Chili; MR. H. W. FREELAND, once Liberal M.P. for the borough of Chichester; COLONEL MILES, who represented Malmesbury in the Conservative interest just before its disfranchisement; M. HENRI GUÉNEAU DE MUSSY, the descendant of a race of physicians, who at an early age established the distinction between typhus and typhoid, accompanied LOUIS PHILIPPE into exile, and as his private physician became as well known in medical circles in London as in Paris; DR. STEINTHAL, an eminent physician in Berlin: HERR VON BRACHELLI, chief of the Statistical Department of the Austrian Ministry of Commerce; M. HECTOR CRÉMIEUX, the well-known composer of *opera-bouffe*; M. HENRI VAN BORSELEN, a Dutch landscape painter, and MM. CHARLES GIRAUD and ÉMILE SIGNOL, French painters, of note.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN GERMANY.

BERLIN, October 4th.

THE Army Bill has been laid before the Prussian Ministry, which, however, will do nothing with it, for if even some members, as, for instance, the Finance Minister, should be opposed to the measure,

they cannot very well recommend that in the Federal Council the Prussian vote should be given against a Bill sanctioned by the Emperor. This does not prevent its prospects becoming every day more unfavourable. Liberal papers have recently shown that the expense for the increase of the army will be far larger than it has been assumed; for it would become necessary to provide new barracks, stabling, hospitals, magazines, garrison batteries, etc., for 95,000 men, whilst these establishments are already wanting for 16,000 men, and the barracks for a single battalion costs about one million. A huge loan would therefore be required for these purposes, and the Empire has in fifteen years amassed a debt of 1,666 million marks, a sum which, compared with the indebtedness of other countries, is in itself not large; but it is quite certain that Germany cannot go on borrowing on that scale. Since 1875 the military budget has risen from 319 to 427 millions, and now an increase of 100 millions is contemplated, but no one has any definite idea whence the necessary funds are to come. The Secretary of the Treasury, Baron Maltzahn, has visited the Southern capitals, Munich, Stuttgart, and Carlsruhe, for the purpose of discussing projects of new taxes, but has returned with practically empty hands. Those Southern States have their own beer-tax, and could not object if the North should raise its malt-tax; but however feasible that might be in itself, it is much opposed, because dearer beer would increase the consumption of brandy. The idea of forbidding the cultivation of tobacco and taxing the foreign article highly, after the example of England, has been abandoned as incompatible with agricultural interests, so there would remain only the taxation of the finished product by the system, according to which every vendor of tobacco and cigars must take taxed brands to a certain amount. This sort of taxation, although subject to fraud, works well in Russia and the United States; but it would, even with an increased stamp-tax, never yield a sum such as is required for the Army Bill; and it seems to me out of the question that the Reichstag should vote the latter without simultaneously providing for its cost.

Another unfavourable circumstance is the deficit of the Prussian budget, which for the present year will be above 50 millions, but for 1893-94 is estimated at 86 millions. This is principally due to the diminished receipts of the railways, which shows the drawback of the system of working them by the State. In 1891-92 the Prussian railways yielded 360 millions: 16 less than the estimates provided. It was believed that the coming year would be more favourable; but the depression of trade and the cholera have continued to diminish the traffic, so that the income of the current year will show a much larger reduction, although under the pressure of the Finance Minister expenditure for the renewal of the rolling stock, which from the administrative point of view is sorely needed, has been postponed. This unfavourable result is likely to react on Herr Miquel's financial plans of reform, for, however advisable they may be in themselves, it will be said that with such a deficit the moment is not propitious for the State to give up the revenue from the land, house, and trade tax. Besides, the Liberals object to transfer any of these taxes to the local communities because it would be mainly in the interests of the landed proprietors, and there is no security that the produce of these taxes would be really applied for communal purposes. It was for this reason that the only Liberal member of the Ministry besides Herr Miquel, Herr Herrfurth, hated by the Conservatives on account of his reform of the rural administration, resigned; and the present Finance Minister is, according to the views of that party, only kept in office to secure them the profits of a reform in which they will be the principal gainers.

Altogether, it cannot be denied that the taxing power of the nation is stagnating, if not positively